BRICK BOLDING.



A ROMANCE.

BRICK BOLDING

OR,

WHAT IS LIFE?

AN

English, French, and Italian Romance.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

PIGAULT LEBRUN.

Il y a un être invisible qui nous guide; et je ne suis pas, plus que vous, le confident des ses secrets.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

IT having been supposed that the Author of the present Work meant to satirize the French Revolution in "*My Uncle Thomas,*" I do not scruple to assert, that he certainly meant to satirize the

 newly,

newly, and we may say self-created, Emperor of the French, in his BRICK BOLDING! His making him an Englishman was a proof of his judgment; for, had he made him an Italian, the Corsican would certainly too obviously have understood his meaning, as the hints respecting his legitimacy are not, it is said, without foundation. Then, his various early exploits—not to mention the acknowledgment he makes, that at two years old "he was only fit to be thrown out of the window"—are all proofs of the justice of my conjectures.

The

The lives of others, however careful he may still be to preserve his own, have ever been of very trifling estimation or value in the eyes of this *little great man.* This is exemplified with no small degree of skill in the following pages; and his ludicrous adventures in Algiers certainly bear infinite resemblance to those he met with in Egypt.

In short, to reflecting discerning readers, every incident bears some relation to the military career, mercenary marriage, &c. &c. of the great personage in question; who,

who, it may be said, has been permitted, not forbidden,

"To wade through slaughter to a throne,
"And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

And how truly did the late Lord Orford observe—"What a dreadful thing it is for such a little, wicked imp as Man, to have absolute power!"

Surely, this observation was never more seriously verified than by Napoleone the First! who once had it in his power to have been deemed the Saviour of the French Nation! But, if we may believe

Mr.

Mr. Holcroft, and some other travellers, he no longer aspires to the love of his enslaved subjects; contenting himself, like his predecessor Robespierre, with being feared.

Yet, like our hero BRICK, we fancy that his own fears fully keep pace with those of his subjects. The *machine infernale,* or cart loaded with combustibles, which was intended to have relieved him from the fatigue of governing the Great Nation under any title, has certainly greatly affected his *nerves,* as he seems of late to

dream

dream only of plots and assassinations.

Henry the Fourth of France, though, to the disgrace of that nation, he fell by the hand of a vile assassin, was not tormented (though frequently warned of his danger) with any of those dastardly fears, which must render the life of this, his very unworthy successor, miserable; as, like our *General Brick*, he probably pines, amidst all his usurped greatness.

Possibly he hopes that the Imperial diadem may render him in-

invulnerable to every weapon but the darts of satire; and while he reigns over the deluded people, whose idol, Liberty, he has so completely overthrown, *Brick Bolding* will spring up to remind him of his former insignificance, and to delineate his private history, not in the most flattering colours.

TRANSLATOR.

BRICK BOLDING.



CHAP. I.

Jubes renovare dolorem incipiam.

MIDNIGHT was striking when my mother was fortunately delivered of a very fine boy! My father, Mr. Bolding, the husband of Mrs. Bolding, my mother, did not enjoy the supreme pleasure of embracing and blessing me when I came into the world, because the

good man had spent the preceding year in Philadelphia, and had no intention of returning to London till he had at least trebled the sum that he had taken from England.

These details, dearest readers, were transmitted to me by an old nurse, who was rather fond of scandal; and I retail them in her own words, though I must acknowledge that I had no reason to suppose myself much beloved by my said mother, since, immediately after my birth, I was sent to be nursed in a village about three miles from the capital. I have now celebrated my fiftieth birth-day; nevertheless, not more than ten years have elapsed

since

since I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Bolding, who, I have been assured, was both handsome and accomplished when I came into the world: but of this I am no judge, since our intimacy took place too late in life. So to return to little Brick—the *noble* name I bore—Brick!—such a name alone sufficed to ensure my felicity, and so it will soon be seen.

My nurse soon grew tired of me; and I must acknowledge that at six months old I might not unaptly have been styled a little Devil; for I could at that age fight and scratch, and, even with two teeth—I was in possession of no more—bite her till

 she

she bled. By the time I was a year old, I had very often deserved to have been thrown out of the window; and at last I met with my deserts.

My foster father's barn was discovered to be on fire! No one could tell how this misfortune happened. It was supposed that, having contracted a great many debts, the good man *burned* to acquit them. But, to be brief, the flames gained my nursery, and I should have been their victim, if my poor nurse had not seized me in her arms, and, seeing no other means of escape, actually jumped out of the window! She was killed upon the spot; but

I merely

I merely received a few slight bruises. We were both taken up; she to be buried, while I was carried to the parson of the parish, who took charge of me for the ensuing two years.

I had, as it has been detailed, occasioned the death of my nurse; and I was also doomed to occasion that of this worthy man, my second protector, happily with the most innocent intentions. Mr. Vernon was taken ill, and in consequence deprived of his natural rest. His physicians had therefore ordered him to take a certain quantity of opium every night. One fine, but very unfortunate

 day,

day, I, like most children, being fond of meddling with every thing, stumbled upon the packet of opium, which I twisted and turned in every direction, without being remarked. At last I opened it, and threw six doses, instead of one, into the glass of wine that stood ready poured out for the invalid, who, having swallowed my preparation, never awoke again.

Mrs. Vernon was in despair; and I was prudently removed from under her eyes. A servant received some money, and orders to place me to board at a neighbouring farmer's. The rogue seized the gold, and left me in a forest that lay in our

our road. Thus was I once more at the mercy of Providence.

I was at this period three years old, and should have proved a delicate morsel for a wolf; but it was decreed that I should live, for the misfortune of many others. A gamekeeper, perceiving me at a distance, extended his arms to receive me, and was preparing to carry me home, when, shocking to relate!—but who can withstand the decrees of Fate?—being diverted by the sight of his gun, I began to play with it. Unfortunately it was cocked; I touched the trigger; and laid my benefactor at my feet!

The sight of his blood made me shudder; I was even convulsed for some minutes, when I began to scream and cry, as if sensible of the mischief I had done. His dogs joined in my lamentations. Cæsar and Diana in vain caressed their master, who grew stiff, while I rent the forest with my screams.

My outcries at length reached the ears of two robbers, who, having seized me, searched the dead man's pockets, and, transferring all they found about him into their own, they quitted him and his dogs, carrying me along with them to their habitation, where twenty more good-looking gentlemen, members of the

same

same honourable fraternity, welcomed my arrival, and gave me a dreadful fit of the colic, in consequence of having made me swallow two or three glasses of brandy.

It may appear surprising that such people should chuse to undertake the care of a child of my age, who, it might be supposed, would have been a continual torment to them; then, worthy readers, learn that I proved a very useful acquisition. Crocodiles are said to imitate the plaintive cries of a child, to decoy travellers to their haunts, that they may devour them in safety; and I became a sort of crocodile, since I was frequently placed in unfre-

quented paths, and, being well beaten or pinched by those who left me there, I generally made the neighbourhood resound with my screams, which often had the desired effect of exciting the curiosity and the compassion of travellers, who, in consequence, sought me out, and endeavoured to console and comfort me; during which time, the robbers made free with their portmanteaus, saddle-bags, or knapsacks; thus rendering me very instrumental to their wicked designs.

I followed this noble employment for two years, during which I grew both tall and strong, and could have walked, jumped, or run with any

any child of my age and inches; and, as I could already give very pertinent answers to the various questions that I was continually assailed with, I was instructed to ask charity of whoever I met; and, while those who gave credit to my artful tale, were relieving my wants, they were not unfrequently assailed by my tutors, and effectually prevented from being again the dupe of beggars.

Had I continued much longer a member of this honourable society, I should, in all probability, have soon surpassed my employers, in point of impudence and audacity; but, fortunately, or perhaps unfor-

tunately, Fate soon removed me to very different scenes.

Some travellers, who had been allowed to ransom their lives at the expence of every valuable in their possession, were so ungrateful, in return for this lenity, as to make a serious complaint against my friends before a magistrate. Soldiers were in consequence placed in the forest, and ordered to cross it in every direction. I implored their charity, and was, as had been agreed upon, seized, and questioned. The robbers, who overheard this parley, took to their heels; but I was ordered to lead the way to my bedchamber. Not daring to resist the

will

will of those who had got hold of me, I conducted them to our habitation; where, after a scuffle, a great deal of firing, and no small trouble, the robbers were all seized, and, to make short of my story, hanged! while I, not being old enough to have the honour of being thus exalted, was sent to the House of Correction; whence I had the cunning to make my escape almost immediately.

As no one suspected the extent of my resources, the bars which secured the chimney of the room, in which I was confined with thirty young pickpockets, all older than myself, were so placed, as effectually

to prevent a less diminutive figure than myself from thus making his escape; but I had been used to climb trees, therefore easily liberated myself from my present confinement, and reached the roof of the prison in safety. It ought to be observed, that I had chosen the night for my emancipation, and that all my companions were fast asleep when I thrust myself through the bars that crossed the chimney in various directions.

Having overcome the first and greatest difficulty, I waited, with no small degree of impatience, for day-break; and the moment that I could see my hand, I scrambled from roof

to

to roof, like a cat, till I reached the last house in the street, which was the abode of a family of distinction.

I made my entrance into it by the hayloft, where I concealed myself under some straw. Being very hungry, I could not restrain my tears, though I took care not to betray my retreat by this excess of affliction; and, having perceived some sacks of oats, I opened one, and endeavoured to appease the gnawing of my stomach by mumbling some of them. Thus I subsisted for three days, no one having visited the loft during this interval.

At

At length I resolved to let myself down through the same window by which I had made my entrance, and to which a pulley 'was attached, to raise and lower the hay and straw, when required. I grazed my knee in my descent, but bore the pain very courageously, as I felt the comfort of being once more at liberty, and proud of having so far succeeded in outwitting the officers of justice. I ran as hard as I could towards the Thames. A boat caught my attention, into which I attempted to jump; but, missing my aim, I fell into the water. A fisherman ran to my assistance, and preserved me from perishing. My fall had assembled a great crowd. A. lady of

of fashion, who was driving by, enquired what had happened, and, having been told, gave five guineas to the fisherman, and took me into her carriage, which she ordered home.

We soon arrived there, and I thus found myself once more an inhabitant of the very house I had so recently quitted, and where I had spent the last three days, not in the most agreeable manner. I was well fed, and then put to bed, where I spent the ensuing four-and-twenty hours; and when I awoke, found myself quite recovered from my late fatigues, and very anxious to see my benefactress.

A tailor

A tailor soon made his appearance, and fitted me with a very handsome suit of clothes; but I thought only of the lady, to whom I flew the moment she appeared. She seemed greatly pleased with the amendment in my looks; and, having tenderly embraced me, retired, when curiosity induced me to reconnoitre my new habitation. Upon the staircase I met a well-dressed young man, who caught hold of my arm, requesting me, in a whisper, to do him a favour.—"With all my heart, Sir."—Instantly he gave me a letter for Betty—Betty! whom I did not know from Jenny;—but I took the letter, and, running up stairs again, met

met my benefactress, to whom I said—

"Dear mamma! is your name Betty? Here is a letter that a gentleman gave me for you."

The lady opened the letter, and thus discovered the existence of an intrigue between one of her women and the gentleman in question. Betty was summoned, paid her wages, and dismissed in disgrace. She departed in tears, but was doubtless soon consoled by her lover.

I was playing, soon after this, at battledore and shuttlecock; the latter lit upon a clothes-press. I seized a small

a small cane, to bring it down again; but, instead of the shuttlecock, I brought down a large glass vase, full of snuff, which, of course, flew into a thousand pieces, while the best Virginia plentifully besprinkled the floor.

My benefactress joined me at the moment that I had occasioned this disaster; and, upon looking round her, perceived several articles of value that had been concealed in the snuff, and for which she had searched in vain. The owner of the vase was summoned, and soon made his appearance. His mistress undertook to interrogate him. He endeavoured to screen himself by some plausible fictions;

fictions; but as he more than once cut himself, and there were such proofs of his guilt, his excuses proved of little avail. He was a tall footman, of a sinister aspect, whom I still have in my mind's eye, as he swore that he would be the death of me! but his threats were of no avail, since he soon swung at Tyburn.

Lady Law (for that was the name of my benefactress) engaged twenty masters to teach me writing, dancing, music, fencing, drawing, riding, &c. &c. wishing to render me thoroughly accomplished. At the expiration of a year, I read tolerably; at the end of two more, my

writing

writing vied with copper-plate, and I spoke French like a native of that country; and, in another year, I was pronounced to be an excellent musician, and a still better dancer, since my master in that science said that I might challenge all London. At the close of the sixth year, I rode a race, and won every wager; and was so good a fencer, that no one dared to attack me. The idea of being conquered by a lad prevented some people; and others were withheld by fear from venturing their lives in so unequal a contest.

In short, I possessed too much wit, and was too much renowned for my vivacity, to conduct myself with the

the prudence required; and, God knows! imprudent enough I soon shewed myself. I turned my language-master into ridicule; he dared not reply to my raillery, and I revenged myself by sticking pins in the seat of his chair; upon which, having, to my great diversion, nearly impaled himself, he fled from the house, where he never again ventured to shew his face.

My dancing-master was also become my aversion; so one day, while he was displaying his uncommon agility for my benefit, I threw down, as if by accident, a large cane, which, falling between the legs of Mr. Walse, he also fell to the

the ground, and put out one of his knees, not to mention the bruises the other sustained.

This exploit rid me of him; and, to complete all, I killed my fencing-master, with whom I had long exercised with real swords; and, by way of displaying my science, I actually ran him through the body.

This time I was really terrified! Flinging away the fatal weapon, I ran for my life, overturning every thing that opposed my passage. A table, covered with china, caught my coat as I rushed by. I drew it for some time after me. The china was of course broken in a moment; but

but the table seemed to pursue me with a terrible noise, as I ran down stairs, and, to get rid of it, I threw off my coat, and continued my course in my shirt-sleeves.

But where was I to go? Where hide myself? Ungrateful as I had shewn myself, what would Lady Law say or think, when she learned how I had repaid her kind wishes and intentions in my favour? This idea made me shed tears; but still I ran, fearful that the whole household was by this time in pursuit of me, when I spied a horse at the door of a tavern. In a moment I threw the bridle over his neck, and was

upon his back, when away I galloped, and in a trice had left London far behind me.

But what was I to do? I had some money about me; but not enough to carry me far in a country, where it is rather the fashion to fleece travellers! However, I crossed Rochester full gallop, rode over a child, owing to my speed, and never stopped, though repeatedly called upon to do so, but urged my horse forwards, till he dropped, from excess of fatigue, near an inn, into which I led him, after having induced him to rise; and, as he was well taken care of during the night, he

he carried me on to Dover next morning, where, meeting with a Jew very *apropos*, I sold him for seven guineas; and, having pocketed my money, I walked down to the port.

A packet was upon the point of sailing. I paid for my passage; and, having bought a jacket of a sailor, I ceased to care for the future.

In three hours I descried the spires of Calais, where I landed in safety soon after, and went to an inn, to which I had been recommended by the Captain.

I was scrutinized from head to foot upon my entrance; but, having displayed my gold, I met with very polite treatment, and was shewn into a room, where I found a young man, with whom I soon made acquaintance, and with whom I dined, and then went to the play, which was "The Prodigal Son." It seemed to have been written expressly to reproach me with my ingratitude towards Lady Law; but self-love stifling my virtuous remorse, I felt piqued at the actors appearing to side with my conscience; therefore roared out—

"Down with the play!—down with the play!"

It

It was written by the celebrated Voltaire; and every one seemed anxious to revenge the insult offered to this great man.'

"'Put him out! Thrust him out!'" was the general cry.

I rose, and threatened the whole assembly, when the guard having seized me, I was dragged away. In my own defence, having no arms, I seized one of the swords belonging to the soldiers, with which I wounded two others. The corporal ordered them to fire upon me; but I trusted to my heels, and the ball which was to have been my passport into the other world, struck a

 sheriff's

sheriff's officer, who had just lodged a prisoner in gaol.

This fresh misfortune excited the attention of the populace, and I took the opportunity to make the best of my way towards the port; where I was stopped by the Captain of a vessel.

"Where are you hastening, my young sailor?"

"Young sailor!" said I: "I have not served my apprenticeship to that trade; but as I have no dislike to the sea, I will put myself under your tuition, if you please."

"Agreed, my brave lad! I like the looks of you; so you shall accompany

company me on board my ship this moment."

No sooner said than done; and, a signal gun having been fired, our sails swelled in the wind, and we left the harbour.

We remained six months at sea. Shall I describe the various storms we weathered? No. One will suffice to convince you of my talents for the undertaking.—The heavens resembled a sheet of fire! the waves rose higher than our main-mast! Sometimes we seemed to be raised to a level with the angry clouds; at others, we appeared to be descending below the centre of the

 earth!

earth! To add to the horror of the scene, we were besieged by sharks, and other sea-monsters, who appeared extremely anxious to feast at our expence.

Terrified at our very dangerous situation, the sailors went to prayers; when, to add to our misfortunes, our provisions grew so scarce, that it was resolved, in council, to roast one of the party, to preserve the rest from starving; and we drew lots for the honour of being impaled upon the spit.

It fell to my share; and my companions seemed so anxious to commence their feast, that I was fearful they

they would not allow me time to recommend my soul to God! But while I was thus piously preparing myself for death, the tempest ceased; Neptune and Boreas called off their forces, and a sail appeared in sight, which was bearing down towards us. No one was more rejoiced than myself. We fired three cannon, as signals of our distress. A boat put off from the vessel.—"Food! Food!" was the general cry. Our wants were supplied, and I was saved!

"Poor Brick!" said the Captain; "it was nearly all up with you. I declare, I rejoice that you were so miraculously preserved!"

"So do I most sincerely, Captain;

tain; for I had much rather have been swallowed by a whale, at the risk of remaining three days in his belly, as Jonas did; I might then, like him, have escaped with life, at last."

The wind being fair, we bade adieu to our guardian angels, and once more set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. I shall not tire my readers with a description of this Hottentot country, though I spent eighteen months there, and might have been there now, if my accustomed *good fortune* had not forced me to take a hasty leave of this celebrated place.

At

At sea I had learned to smoke, and I smoked at the Cape—nay, I do still—notwithstanding the unfortunate accident which my pipe occasioned. Being on board the vessel in which I had left Europe, just as the Captain was on the point of sailing, I very imprudently entered the powder-room with my pipe in my mouth. A spark, doubtless, fell to the ground; for I had scarcely quitted the vessel, which I did immediately after, before it blew up! and several sailors having perceived me with the pipe, I did not dare to return to the Cape, for fear of being accused of having purposely done the mischief.

Fortunately, a sloop was moored near; without, therefore, taking time for reflection, I jumped on board her, cut the cable, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, had sailed at least two leagues! Having, however, had a full view of the effects of the fatal explosion, I shed many bitter tears, and could not help particularly regretting the untimely end of the friendly Captain, who had so very opportunely preserved me at Calais.

But, alas! I could not recall him to life; and, during my vain lamentations, I was driven, at the mercy of the wind and waves, nearly thirty leagues from the Cape.

I now

I now began to think it necessary to examine my stock of sea-stores; but in vain did I ransack every cranny of the sloop! not a biscuit was to be found, nor any liquid to allay my now ardent thirst.

"Poor Brick!" I involuntarily exclaimed; "you are surely doomed to perish!"

Putting my trust in Providence, however, I laid myself at full length on the deck; and Morpheus being in a very good humour, for a time rendered me insensible to my dreadful situation.

At last I awoke.—"Where am I?" This was a question which I could

not so easily solve: but I presumed that I had been stranded upon an island inhabited by savages; for, in three minutes, I was surrounded by upwards of a thousand Blacks, who were jumping and gesticulating, as if to express their satisfaction. I fell upon my knees before them, and they seemed still more rejoiced. At length, four of them fetched some branches of trees, of which they formed a litter, and, putting me into it, raised me upon their shoulders, and carried me away in triumph, to the sound of several instruments, whose harmony could certainly not be styled divine.

They conveyed me to a little grotto, in the middle of a wood, and

and I was led to suppose, by the extraordinary behaviour of these courteous savages, that they had chosen me for the Divinity which they meant in future to worship! I was soon convinced of the justice of my conjectures: they did me homage by various ridiculous antics, such as dancing round my habitation, tearing their hair off by hands-full, and wounding themselves in various places. A woman, in particular, opened one of the veins of her right arm, and bathed my feet in her blood. Others were no less sanguinary; and their cries, while thus devoutly employed, would have terrified even an English bull-dog.

Never-

Nevertheless, I did not feel myself much at ease. For the last six-and-thirty hours I had not broken my fast; and, though even the heathen gods were able to live without eating, I felt, in spite of the divine honours which had been lavished upon me, that I was as hungry as a hunter. I was therefore both rejoiced and astonished, when a quantity of fruit was spread in my grotto, besides five goats, and at least two hundred birds of different sizes.

"Courage, Brick!" said I; "if my larder continue to be thus amply supplied, I am not likely to die with hunger in haste."

Still

Still decency, considering my Divinityship, induced me to defer the gratification of my appetite till the Blacks had retired, which I presumed they intended to do as soon as it grew dark; but, alas! my joy was of short duration.

The savages, having tired themselves by the absurd excesses that they had committed, kindled a large fire, which I conceived to be a prelude to their departure; but judge, dear reader, of my terror, when twelve of the oldest among them entered my grotto, laid violent hands upon me, and would have dragged me towards the burning pile,

pile, had not my screams for a moment arrested their progress.

Again they humbled themselves before me; again they tore their hair, and spilt their blood, by way of enticing me to suffer myself to be roasted for their amusement; till finding that I was by no means inclined to gratify their wishes, they gave me fully to understand that I must make up my mind to become a prey to the flames. In short, I was on the point of being sacrificed as a burnt-offering to some superior Divinity, when a violent hurricane arose, accompanied with a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning! A

deluge

deluge of rain soon followed, which fortunately extinguished the fire, and dispersed the *devout* savages.

I then remained alone in the wood; and it may be supposed that I lost no time in returning to the grotto, where I regaled myself copiously with fruit. This repast soon recruited my strength and spirits, and enabled me to return thanks to Heaven, to Providence, and to the Supreme Being, whose power had been so recently and so strikingly exemplified; and, having raked the ashes of the fire together, I roasted some of the birds, and quenched my thirst with rain-water. Then, having filled my pockets with dates, I resolved

I resolved to take my departure from this land of hurricanes, though I felt very thankful for having been exposed to the one which had preserved my life.

Having walked for many miles along the shore, at last I met with a canoe, which I instantly launched, and once more committed myself to the deep, in hopes of meeting with some English ships; but resolved to throw myself upon the mercy even of Turks, rather than perish with hunger.

My little bark pursued its course at random, and I spent a most unpleasant night: indeed, I was more than

than once tempted to throw myself into the sea, and by that mode terminate my miserable existence; for, though only eighteen, I had certainly no reason to boast of my good fortune, and I began to fear that there were still greater misfortunes in store for me.

Such were my consoling reflections, when my canoe, coming in contact with a large ship, was in a moment turned bottom-upwards, and thus obliged me to come to a very speedy decision respecting life and death. The latter, upon a nearer approach, did not appear quite so desirable as it had done in perspective; I therefore mechanically

cally extended my arms to a rope that was thrown me, and I was hauled out of the water by several sailors, and afterwards suspended by my feet for at least ten minutes, to enable me to disgorge the salt water which I had perforce drunk.

I had nearly been stifled in consequence of this kind precaution; but they meant well, and I was doomed to recover, Fate not being yet tired of persecuting me.

I now found that I had fallen into the hands of Turks, who loaded me with chains, thrust me down into the hold, and, in short, treated me as those gentry are accustomed to treat

treat Christians. In vain I addressed them in English; they only rejoiced at discovering my country, in hopes of makihg a better market of me.

Among the prisoners were a very handsome French girl of sixteen, an old Nun, a Gascon, and a Deputy from the United States of America. The first, Adele, was intended for the Grand Seignior. The Nun, who was of Spanish extraction, was to be sold to whoever would be encumbered with so useless a being. The Gascon hoped that he should obtain the post of Jester to the Grand Turk. The Deputy made sure of being ransomed upon his arrival

arrival in port, and the Turks of course looked up to him with respect.

At last we reached Algiers. I was sold to serve the Dey in the capacity of a musician, and Adele was sent off to Constantinople. I grieved very much when I parted from this beautiful and interesting girl: indeed, we both shed tears upon the occasion.

"Poor young man!" said she; "how much you are to be pitied!"

This kind speech convinced me that I possessed a heart. Hitherto I had had no time to fall in love; but

but the beauty of Adele, and her language, soon taught me that there were some pleasures in store for me.

Before I could answer her, I was dragged one way, and my pretty French woman the other: my eyes only could convince her how deeply I deplored our separation. Meanwhile, I was joined to the numerous suite of slaves the Dey held in dependance. I endeavoured to render myself agreeable to him, and had the good fortune to succeed. Orpheus, it is said, softened rocks! and I, being an excellent musician, softened the hard heart of the Dey, who no longer treated me as a common slave, but granted me an unusual

usual degree of liberty, and many favours which no one had ever enjoyed before.

Still, however, I was far from happy. Adele was constantly present to my imagination. I could not bear the idea of her being shut up in the seraglio even of the Grand Turk, and I had therefore resolved to make my escape from Algiers at every risk, when a thought struck me, which I determined immediately to reduce to practice.

The plan was a very daring one; and I was fully sensible that my head would fall a sacrifice to my rashness, if it should not succeed.

It

It was to assume the name and appearance of the Captain of his Highness's Guards, Aly Bakad, who was much about my size. I accordingly purchased the clothes requisite to ensure the success of my project, with some money that I had recently received from the Dey, in return for having, by his desire, serenaded his favourite mistress; and, at the end of a week, every thing was in readiness that was at all likely to facilitate the execution of my scheme. The turban, the false beard, the poniard--in short, the complete dress of a Captain of the Guards, I assumed in a thick bower at the further extremity of the gardens belonging to his High Migh-

tiness; and this usurped costume had the same effect which the head of Medusa is said to produce among beholders—all flew before me; the soldiers presented their arms, and every gate was opened at my approach!

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Audaces fortuna juvat.

I MOUNTED an Arabian horse, and, covering myself with a cloak, left Algiers. Having crossed a large track of burning sands, I reached Ogli-Ogla, where I found a party who had been excited to revolt by the tyranny of the Dey. I put myself at their head, giving out that

 I was

I was Aly Bakad, and no one knew any thing to the contrary: at all events, they were inclined to believe my story; for I told them that I had also flown from the tyranny of the Dey, and that I was resolved to take up arms in so just a cause.

No further proof was required, and they requested that I would become their Commander. Our army was soon in marching order, and we set out to besiege Algiers. It was of course reported that Aly Bakad was at the head of the rebels; and the poor Captain, who was innocent even in intention, was seized while taking his afternoon's walk, and lost his head for my audacity!

"Victory!"

"Victory!" cried one party; while, on the other side of the town, all was grief and consternation.

The Dey, not expecting to be attacked, was unprepared to act upon the defensive. He was therefore, as well as his seraglio, soon at our mercy; and the soldiers were not inclined to spare many of those who fell into their hands. The inhabitants, of course, flew on every side; some even jumped into the sea, to escape from the fury of my victorious troops. I ordered all the prisons to be thrown open, and all the prisoners to be liberated, as well as the slaves. Thus, while some were cursing, others were blessing

me, and putting up prayers for my success. But I listened to neither party; and, indeed, a more glorious scene of confusion cannot even be imagined. The Dey I ordered to be beheaded; while I seized his treasures, with which I immediately embarked, ordering the sails to be set for Candia.

We had not been long at sea, ere we fell in with a vessel bearing French colours. My Turks were resolved to fight, having a natural antipathy to Christians. I was not so inclined; but they paid very little attention to my wishes, and, in less than three minutes, the French vessel struck her colours!

I was the first to go on board her; but thought I must be under the influence of a dream, or deceived by some illusion, when my eye caught sight of Captain Balthazar, whom I imagined I had, in conjunction with the powder belonging to his ship, sent to heaven from Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope!

I was advancing towards him, with the intention of throwing myself into his arms, when I recollected that it would be very imprudent to discover myself so abruptly, as he evidently had not recognised me: I therefore merely told my Turks, that the first man who laid violent hands upon any of the prisoners,

 should

should be hanged the next moment; and that if any one of the crew under my command dared to murmur, I would set fire to the powder-room, and blow them all up! These menaces rendered them obedient to my orders.

"Humane man!" exclaimed Balthazar; "can you be a Turk?"

I asked him who he was, and whence he came?

He related his story to me; but when he came to the explosion of his ship in Table Bay, which I had occasioned, and of which I was an eye-witness, I was very near forgetting

getting myself, and telling him that I had mourned him as dead; he, however, thus continued:—

"At the moment of the explosion, I jumped into the sea, where I swam for some time, notwithstanding my wounds, and the loss of one arm! At length, a Hottentot received me into his boat, and landed me safely; but I was confined for a considerable time by a severe fit of illness: during which, the Merchants at the Cape made a collection for me; and, when I recovered, Mr. Van Merton, one of the richest among them, gave me a sufficient sum to repair all my former losses.

 "I then

" I then built another vessel, which I named 'the Gratitude,' and soon set sail with passengers and merchandize.

" Having coasted round Africa, we entered the Mediterranean by the Straits of Gibraltar, and continued our course for Marseilles; when, at no great distance from Malta, we fell in with an Algerine corsair. The barbarians attacked us with their usual fury; but we defended ourselves with such bravery, that we finally made ourselves masters of their vessel.

" I immediately sent for all the slaves, which were about to be

conveyed

conveyed to Constantinople, on board my own ship, and then sunk the Algerine: and how sincerely did I rejoice that we had proved victorious, when I found a young countrywoman of my own, whom it was our good fortune to liberate among the rest, the unfortunate Adele——"

"Adele!" exclaimed I. "What is it you say? Is she among your prisoners? Oh my dear Balthazar! I must make myself known to you!"

Instantly flinging away my turban, and my false beard, I flew into his arms. He stood amazed! Having thus given way to my feelings, I dis-

I distributed alms to the passengers and crew of the ship Gratitude; and, having explained my intentions to them, we soon got rid of all the Turks, whom we either killed or threw into the sea. I entirely discarded my Turkish disguise, appearing once more as an European, and like myself. Balthazar easily forgave my former heedlessness—he was so good a man; and I went in search of Adele.

Having found the dear object of my wishes, I pressed her to my bosom, and assured her that she should be my wife, instead of increasing the number of those confined by the Grand Turk. She was

so handsome, and I thought myself so rich, that I then fancied we were the happiest of human beings.—"We will purchase a large estate," said I; "and, happy in ourselves, we will endeavour to render all those who may surround us, participators in our felicity."

Alas! my sanguine hopes soon vanished. I was not aware that it was in the power of either the wind or the waves to overturn all my wise plans for the future! Adele was still endeavouring to find expressions that were likely to convince me of her gratitude, when a terrible tempest arose, and obliged me to

leave her below, while I went to offer my assistance upon deck.

We had not hands enough to manage all the vessels; I therefore had my treasures hastily brought on board Balthazar's ship, and, the hitherto divided crew being once more united, we set the superb vessels belonging to the Dey adrift whichever way they chose. But this very step, which I had vainly hoped would ensure our safety, was the real occasion of all our subsequent misfortunes; for I was by no means an experienced sailor, and Balthazar, not thinking it would be to his interest to contradict me, had

suffered

suffered me to do just as I pleased. His blind submission to my will proved our destruction; for our vessel being overloaded, we were soon obliged to throw the greatest part of my recently acquired treasures into the sea, to lighten her.

My estate was thus in a moment the prey of the waves; but I still possessed Adele, for whom alone I now entertained any fears, and I spent most of my time below, endeavouring to dissipate the very natural dread that she entertained. The tempest however increasing, she fell into convulsions, and my presence was peremptorily required upon

upon deck, as a sudden gust of wind had carried away our main-mast.

Our vessel being now quite ungovernable, was soon stranded upon a shoal of rocks, of which we had not been aware. I cannot express what my feelings were at this critical moment, till self-preservation, that certain instinct which we all more or less feel in time of danger, induced me to jump into the sea, and a large wave instantly carried me upon a neighbouring rock that appeared above water, to which I clung with great difficulty.

From this rock, I saw the Gratitude go to the bottom in less than five

five minutes after I had quitted her. Some of the sailors were still struggling with the waves, and I perceived Balthazar holding by a barrel, and endeavouring to gain the rock which had afforded me an asylum: but Adele, my beloved Adele, was no where to be seen! She had gone down with the vessel!

I shed many bitter tears at that moment, and very frequently afterwards, whenever the amiable but unfortunate girl recurred to my recollection.

After having, more than once, run the most imminent risk of being drowned, and encountered innumerable

merable difficulties, I at last reached the shores of Sicily, and soon had the good fortune to find myself once more among the habitations of men.

Not understanding the language of the country, however, I was greatly at a loss to make my pressing wants known. I could only explain them by my signs and gestures; and, far from exciting the compassion of a people to whom their Monks are always preaching charity, I was scouted and ill treated.

The King of Naples happened to be at this time at war with the King of England; and some good people chusing to suppose that I was a spy sent

sent by the latter, I was in consequence seized, and taken before a General Officer, who was in camp at a short distance.

"Your papers!" said he.

"I have none about me."

"Your name!"

"Brick Bolding."

"You are———"

"An Englishman."

"Whence do you come?"

This question puzzled me, and every one present exclaimed that I was a spy, and ought to be hanged! Orders were given to this effect, and soon the fatal cord encircled my neck, when, fortunately, a courier

rier arrived post haste, to inform the General, that peace was proclaimed between the belligerent nations!

I was pardoned; and even obtained a passport to enable me to reach Naples, whither I begged my way, and at last arrived in that superb city in a most deplorable situation: the very dogs barked at me, my rags fluttered so elegantly in the wind. I entered several houses of entertainment, but was only suffered to remain in one. Here the host's daughter took compassion on me. She gave me all her little savings, which enabled me to purchase some decent clothes; and, the next morning, I waited upon a banker,

banker, who I had been told was in want of a groom. At Naples, as well as elsewhere, English grooms are in high reputation; and it was, besides, fashionable to have one in the stables of those who could afford to keep horses. Mr. Pecuni and I soon came to an agreement, and I took immediate possession of my cock-loft over the stable.

Such are the vicissitudes of fortune! And thus was the Conqueror of Algiers reduced to use the curry-comb, for a livelihood.

At the end of six months I spoke the Italian language very fluently; but I felt humbled at being reduced

to

to wear a livery, when, being in a coffee-house, I read the following advertisement in a newspaper :—

"Wanted, a person who can speak and teach the English language, and the principles of music. Whoever is competent to instruct a pupil in those sciences, may address themselves to Dr. Papirio, near the Palace."

"Courage, Brick!" said I. "This will exactly suit you."

I set out immediately for the Doctor's; but at the moment that I reached his house, I exclaimed—

"Softly,

"Softly, Mr. Brick! You are not sufficiently well dressed, to aspire to the place of Tutor. Your livery-suit will give those whom you may address, but a poor opinion of your talents."

In fact, I should certainly have been considered as a mad-man. I therefore returned home; and, having ascended my cock-loft, began to reflect upon what I ought to do. I had not money enough to hire, much less to purchase, a suit for the occasion; and being fearful that some one might secure the place before I could wait upon the Doctor, I wrote him the following letter.

"SIR,

"Having read the advertisement which you have inserted in to-day's paper, I flatter myself that I am perfect master both of the English language, and of music: but being obliged to go into the country, where I fear that I shall be under the necessity of spending a couple of days, I must defer waiting upon you till my return. Nevertheless, I hope you will not enter into an engagement with any one else, till you have seen me. I am an Englishman by birth; an excellent musician, capital dancer, no bad poet, a scientific composer, not to mention my skill in fencing; I speak French,

Italian,

Italian, Arabian, and Spanish; and I will transmit all my talents, with God's help, to any pupil who may be placed under my care. Meanwhile, I am

"Your most obedient servant,

"BOLDING."

I merely signed Bolding, being only known at Mr. Pecuni's under the name of Brick; and I led the Doctor to suppose that he would not see me for two days, because I hoped, during that interval, to procure a decent suit of clothes. But the second day had nearly elapsed, without my having been able to present myself before him, when

going as usual, to take my master's orders respecting the horses, I found his dressing room deserted, and upon a chair hung a complete suit of silk clothes, very elegantly embroidered.

My master and I were nearly of a size; so, without any farther ceremony, I adorned myself in this gala dress, seizing even his hat and sword, and was thus, in one moment, transformed into the rich banker Pecuni.

Having completed my toilet, I ran hastily down stairs. The porter stopped me in the hall, to give me several papers. I received them with

averted

averted looks, and flew, rather than walked, to the Doctor's house. The door was besieged by a crowd of tutors, drawn thither by his advertisement; but they met with as polite a reception from the Doctor's servants, owing to their shabby appearance, as dogs do when they force their way among cricket-players. When I presented myself, however, they all retreated, and I was ushered very ceremoniously into the physician's study, whence I crossed a room, not hung with Gobelin tapestry, but surrounded with skeletons; a second, set apart for experiments in chemistry; and a third, which seemed to be a receptacle for stuffed birds.

The next door was opened by a tall pale man, who, in a hollow voice, enquired my business.

I bowed profoundly to this walking spectre, mistaking him for Dr. Papirio, and began a speech which I had composed for the purpose; but my eloquence was this time all thrown away, for the man whom I had addressed, was merely the superintendent of the Doctor's chemical preparations, to which might be attributed his corpse-like appearance! From him, however, I learned that I was impatiently expected by the Doctor, who had formed a very high opinion of me, in consequence of my letter: "and I perceive that

he

he will not find himself deceived," added this walking rushlight; "for I do not think that Miss Sylvia could be placed in better hands."

"Miss Sylvia!"

"Yes—his daughter; who bids fair to eclipse all the ladies in Naples."

"I am impatient to see her."

"Walk forward, then. She is in the saloon with her father:" leading the way, and opening the door for me, which he afterwards closed, without announcing my name.

The Doctor rose, upon my entrance, and I thus began:—

 "Doctor,

"Doctor, I have waited upon you——"

"To consult me, doubtless. Do me the favour to take a seat."

I was immediately convinced that my super-elegant appearance had led him into an error, and that he mistook me for a Nobleman.

"It was I——" said I——

"You are unwell, I presume, Sir; so pray explain the nature of your complaints. My daughter is nearly as good a physician as myself; therefore, may give me some useful hints respecting your disorder."

"But, Sir, did not you receive a letter?"

"Most

"Most certainly, Sir! And I have many excuses to make for not having waited upon you in consequence; but positively I have so many patients upon my hands, that your kind summons had absolutely slipped my memory."

"But, Sir, my letter——"

"Oh! I perfectly remember the circumstance, Sir, though I really did not recollect you at first; but illness frequently alters the countenance, to which the necessary regimen it requires, greatly contributes. But you will soon recover your good looks; in less than a week, I make no doubt, with proper care."

I was upon thorns; fearing that the most unpleasant consequences might result from this strange mistake of the Doctor.

"Sir, I——"

"Oh, my dear Sir! Surely you need not have troubled yourself to have waited upon me on that account. I intended to have looked in upon you ere long. I am positively shocked at your having thought it necessary to bring me such a trifle yourself."

"Sir, I find——"

"It is a mere trifle, not worth mentioning. I believe I have your little account in this desk."

My

My embarrassment increased. However, while he was looking for this said account, I told him that I was very sorry he had so strangely mistaken the purport of my visit, since my name was Bolding; and that I had waited upon him in consequence of an advertisement, which had induced me to write him a letter, that I presumed he had received.

Very contrary to my expectations, the Doctor burst out a laughing, telling me that he had purposely affected to mistake me for one of his patients; being partial to what he deemed fun.

I appeared to believe all he chose to say upon the subject; and, on his wishing me to give him a specimen of my talents, I sat down to a piano-fortc that was in the room, and played a very difficult sonata of a celebrated German composer. Sylvia expressed the greatest admiration; and the Doctor more than once exclaimed—

"Bravo! bravo! bravissimo! I will engage you to teach my daughter, at any price."

I next sang a romance of my own composition, which completed my triumph. The charming Sylvia wished to learn it immediately, and the Doctor entreated me to consider his

his house as my own, from that moment. But I felt the necessity of returning to Mr. Pecuni's, if it were only to replace my borrowed plumes. I was therefore requesting leave of absence till evening, when the door opened; and figure to yourselves, dear readers, the agreeable sensation I underwent, when, Oh Heavens! Mr. Pecuni made his appearance!

I wonder that I preserved my senses, as I immediately supposed that he was come to accuse me of having robbed him. However, hoping that I might be mistaken in my conjectures, I endeavoured to put a good face upon the matter: still,

still, this unpleasant rencontre had for a moment nearly rendered me motionless, so great was my surprise.

The Banker visibly participated in my astonishment; while he seemed to be taking measure of me from head to foot, particularly examining my clothes, hat, and sword, which certainly were all his own property.

Happily, the Doctor rather removed my first fears by taking my master by the hand, and styling him his dear Pecuni.

The Banker stammered out an incoherent answer, but could not get the better of his surprise, while

I wished

I wished to make good my retreat; but this the Doctor prevented, declaring that I should not leave them in such haste, and observing that Mr. Pecuni would be delighted to hear me.

"Sir, I must beg to be excused! An engagement——"

"No matter. We will not part with you yet."

"But positively, Sir, modesty prevents my acceding to your kind wishes."

"Modesty is seldom troublesome to men of genius; therefore, you must oblige me."

"This gentleman is——" asked the Banker, addressing Sylvia.

"A mu-

"A musician, Sir!" said she, cutting his sentence; "and he is going to teach me English, and the piano."

"And his name?" enquired my master.

"Is Bolding," replied the Doctor.

"The devil!" rejoined Pecuni; "Bolding! Upon my honour, if Brick were not my groom——Well, altogether, this is a most extraordinary adventure! So pray, Mr. Bolding, increase my astonishment, by letting me hear how you acquit yourself as a musician."

"Pray give us one more lesson," said the Doctor.

"Let me entreat that you would!" added Sylvia.

"I shall

"I shall always be at your orders, fair lady!" sitting down to the piano. And never did I exert myself more to please; as I sang a very difficult bravura song, which even induced the Banker to favour me with his applause, though he was still very much inclined to take me for Brick.

Having risen from the instrument, the conversation became general. It first rolled upon the arts and sciences; from which the Banker took occasion to dwell upon the reigning fashions; and, turning to me, said—

"I admire the elegance of your embroidery."

I felt

I felt my colour rise; while the Doctor, pointing to my sword, observed that the English had brought the steel manufacture to the greatest perfection.

"Did you bring that sword from England with you, Mr. Bolding?" asked my master.

"Oh dear, no!" I replied; scarcely knowing what I said.

"Did you purchase it in Naples?" asked the Doctor.

"Pray who is your tailor?" resumed the Banker.

"Be so kind as to give me the direction of your jeweller," continued the Doctor.

"Surely,

"Surely," thought I, "these two men are amusing themselves at my expence."—However, my confusion increasing, I hastily rose, and, bowing all round, made my retreat, promising to return the next morning, to give my first lesson. But Fate, or my coat, had otherwise decreed; for I had no sooner entered my master's court-yard, than I was surrounded by a party of soldiers, who had orders to arrest Mr. Pecuni; and, without allowing me to speak one word, they thrust me into a carriage, and soon lodged me safe in prison.

Thus did I belie the proverb, that dress is sure to command respect. In vain

vain did I swear, declare, and call all the Saints to witness, that I was not Mr Pecuni. I was only supposed to be out of my mind; and, in fact, I was nearly so. Indeed, my rage had so greatly heated my blood, that I wished to fight with every body. I was therefore tied down, to prevent my doing others or myself a mischief, which rendering me rather wiser, I armed myself with patience, and held my tongue.

This had the desired effect, and I was soon released from the cords with which they had bound me in their own defence. A fever, however, was the result of my violent

exertions,

exertions, which became so dangerous, that it was thought necessary to call in a physician: and who should this be, but Dr. Papirio!

I could not avoid laughing, when he entered my room.

"Good day, Mr. Pecuni!" said he, taking hold of my hand, preparatory to feeling my pulse.

I looked him full in the face. He stared, rubbed his eyes, and seemed lost in wonder and amaze!

"Can it be you, Mr. Bolding?"
"Myself."

"Good

"Good God! How came you here?"

"By a strange concurrence of circumstances."

"Pray explain yourself!"

"That will be no very easy task."

"But why are you in prison?"

"I can't inform you."

"I was sent for to attend Mr. Pecuni!"

"And I am here, in his stead."

"You are then intimately acquainted with him!"

"I am, indeed!"

"Pray proceed!"

I immediately, and with the greatest sincerity, related to him every

every thing that had befallen me since my arrival in Naples.

My recital greatly amused him, and I felt happy at being thus relieved from all my embarrassments, and, with my uneasiness, my illness vanished.

The Doctor lost no time in representing my innocence to those in power; and, as it was easily proved that I was not Mr. Pecuni, I very soon recovered my liberty: when, having sent my elegant suit back to the Banker's, I purchased some decent clothes with the money which the Doctor kindly paid me in advance.

Mr.

Mr. Pecuni, having heard of my adventure, had thought it most prudent to remain concealed till he saw what was likely to prove the result of the mistake which the soldiers had made; but, understanding that I was released, he made enquiries respecting the crimes which were laid to his charge, and learned that an order had been issued to arrest him, in consequence of his having published a small pamphlet, wherein he had meddled too freely with the affairs of State, which certainly did not concern him. A tolerable sum given as hush-money, however, soon enabled him to return home, and to make his peace at Court; and, in consideration of what I had under-

5 gone

gone upon his account, he readily forgave my having made free with his clothes. Nay, from the moment that he understood who I really was, he not only considered, but treated me as his equal; and made me a very handsome present, in lieu of paying me wages for my services as his groom.

His generosity enabled me to send five-and-twenty guineas to the amiable Mary, the publican's daughter, who had so kindly bestowed her little savings upon me when I first arrived at Naples. I enclosed the money in a very kind letter; in which I related every thing that had befallen me, and concluded by hoping

 that

that I should soon have the pleasure of seeing her, as I should ever feel greatly interested in her welfare.

Indeed, I had it in contemplation to pay her a visit at her father's, when one morning, the second after I had dispatched my letter and present, she entered my room.

I was not a little surprised; but the innocent girl did not seem to be at all aware of the breach of etiquette which she had committed in thus waiting upon a young unmarried man. She was in tears; and, flinging down the gold which I had sent her—

"There!"

"There!" said she; "I have brought you back your present, of which I am by no means in want; but now you are rich, you are grown proud."

"Not at all, my good Mary! Could you suppose——"

"Why then did you wish to repay me what I gave you so freely? I merely required your friendship in return. But I presume that you now think me beneath your notice."

"You positively wrong me, Mary! Believe me, I have still the greatest respect for you; but I thought it my duty nevertheless, to return you the money, which you

so kindly advanced me when I was in distress."

"Then, if you wish me to believe you have any regard for me, never mention the money again!"

"Well, I have done. Only dry your tears, Mary."

"There, then, are you satisfied?"

"Rather more so; for, believe me, I never meant———"

"Well, may be not. But you may find twenty ways to dispose of this money; and I shall never want it, as my father provides for me, and I have many presents in the course of the year."

"Generous girl! your disinterestedness charms me."

"No,

"No, no! I am not handsome enough to do that."

"How! Do you then believe me deficient in gratitude towards you, Mary? I protest that your goodness towards me, made an impression upon my heart——"

"Indeed! Then I believe you stole mine, which made me so severely feel your wish to break with me."

"What! Do you love me, Mary? Did you love poor Brick?

"Yes; I did love poor Brick. But you are once more launched into the great world; therefore, you will soon forget me."

"I should be very ungrateful, were I capable of so doing."

 "Had

"Had you remained in Mr. Pecuni's service, I might have had some hopes of one day becoming your wife; but now——"

"Mary, I have no pride. Few men of my age have been more the sport of Fortune! I have already been both rich and powerful; and you have known me in the greatest distress. Prosperity, therefore, no longer lifts me up; for it is more than probable, that I may again stand in need of your assistance."

"You wish to flatter me, Mr. Brick; but, positively, you are the only man in the world whom I will ever marry. My father has money, and I am his only child. He has

long

long wished to retire from business; and, should we marry, I dare say he would do so immediately; and then we might all three take up our abode at a small farm which he has near Naples, where we should live comfortably, and in some degree of luxury."

"My dear Mary, I should not hesitate to close with your generous proposals, if I merely studied my own interest; but I must also consider your's. You are very young; and your regard for me renders you forgetful of what is due to yourself. Suffer me to seek your father's acquaintance, and to render myself deserving of the affection you acknowledge to feel for me."

 "Render

"Render yourself deserving of my affection! Wicked man! why not say love, at once? But I see you do not love me; so adieu, Mr. Brick!"

"My good Mary, do not thus afflict yourself! I love you more than you would suppose."

"Do you speak the truth?"

A kiss convinced her of my sincerity; when one of the Doctor's servants came to let me know that his master expected me in his study.

Mary tenderly pressed my hand; and, having made me promise to pay her an early visit, took her leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Heu! Miseri!

HAVING reached the Doctor's study, I found him seated in a large arm chair, and almost buried among the down cushicns which surrounded him.

He made me sit down by him, beginning to question me respecting

my family; and, appearing to be satisfied with my answers (which, if not exactly true, were not absolutely false), he told me, in a friendly tone, that he should have no objection to have me for a son-in-law.

I fell at his feet; but, without suffering me to speak, he said—

"Very well! All is settled then. Only shew yourself deserving of the preference which Sylvia has given you. As she will be impatient to learn the result of our conversation——"

"But Sir!——"

"No

"No more need be said, I repeat. You are ready to marry her; therefore, we have only to proceed to Church."

So saying, he left me motionless with surprise, and fancying that all which had just passed, was merely a dream. I should, just then, have proved an excellent model for a painter, could he have sketched me as I stood. I felt myself all over, before I could be convinced that I was really awake.

At length, having rather recovered my senses and my recollection, I hastened to overtake the Doctor; but the room, in which he made his

experiments in chemistry, joined his study, and, in running through it, I overturned a couple of stills. The walking spectre, whom I have already mentioned, set up what might have been denominated an Irish howl; while I, wishing to repair the mischief which I had occasioned, stooped to raise the stills. Unfortunately, however, in so doing, I threw down a table which was behind me, and which was covered with glasses of various sizes.

Of course, they were all broken. I therefore endeavoured to seek my safety in flight. The screaming spectre barred my passage; but a sound box on the ear sent him to the

the other end of the room, where he roared "Murder! murder!" while I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. The Doctor and Sylvia, alarmed by his screams, were flying to his assistance; but, in my haste, I overthrew the first, and left Sylvia in a fit.

The alarm now became general, as the Doctor cried out for help even more lustily than his assistant. A servant caught hold of the flap of my coat, as I was running down stairs; but I left it in his hands. Another endeavoured to block up the door-way, and I seized him by the hair; when, Oh grief! his wig alone remained in my hand.

At

At this very critical moment, a lady made her appearance! And who should it be?—The reader will never guess; for it was no other than Lady Law!

Who the devil would have thought of seeing her at Naples? and at such a moment! though, to be sure, I had left her house for a more serious cause than that for which I was now running from the Doctor's; for I had then killed my fencing-master! now I had only broken two stills and a few glasses.

Her Ladyship retreated in astonishment, unable to believe her eyes!

"No!

"No! it can never be my little Brick!"

"Forgive me, my Lady, I certainly am! and at this moment I am also the most miserable of men!"

"Why, what has befallen you? What have you done?"

"Nothing."

"And yet you seem to be endeavouring to make your escape!"

"True. But I am really more to be pitied than blamed."

"By what chance do I find you at Naples?"

"This is not the moment to enter into the necessary details."

"You shall not leave me. If you have merely been guilty of an imprudence,

prudence, I will obtain your pardon."

"Ah, my Lady!" falling at her feet, "will you be so good to me, who have, no doubt, occasioned you so many uneasy moments, in return for your past kindness?"

"I have forgiven all that. But I came to see Dr. Papirio."

"Do you know him?"

"He is my relation. So, if you have offended him, I think I may venture to promise that he will forgive you, to oblige me."

I suffered her, upon the strength of this assurance, to lead me once more up-stairs to the Doctor; who burst

burst into a violent fit of laughter the moment he caught sight of me. Her Ladyship felt greatly offended by such a reception, till I led her into the laboratory, to shew her the serious mischief which I had occasioned.

"That was exactly like you," said she. "But I shall not revert to the past, as I know that you have an excellent heart, which may be urged in extenuation of your errors."

Sylvia, who had, as I have said, fainted, now joined in her father's mirth at my disordered appearance. And. having made my peace with the wan apparition, whose ears I had boxed,

boxed, at the expence of a small present, and given the remains of my coat to the servant, who had torn it, all was once more peace and harmony.

Both the Doctor and Sylvia were astonished at the intimacy which seemed to subsist between me and Lady Law, whose name I had never mentioned to them; as I could not have done so, without hinting why I had withdrawn myself from her protection; and they might have misnamed the misfortune which had befallen me, respecting my fencing-master, murder! Her Ladyship very prudently passed over that part of my story in silence, when

when she related her having adopted me, &c.

To make short of a short courtship, I was married to Sylvia the very next day! and I ought to have been very happy, as my wife was both handsome and accomplished. But my unlucky planet still prevailed, and I was doomed to be once more the sport of Fortune!

Mary, having heard of my marriage, hung herself in despair. Alas! poor Mary! I shed tears when I learned how silly she had been.

Her death became the talk of all Naples; as she had left a letter behind

behind her, in which she explained why she had recourse to her garters and the bed-post, to terminate her existence; concluding by declaring that she could not survive my having married another woman. Her father published this choice production; and, as I was now pretty well known in Naples, in addition to the celebrity of Dr. Papirio's name, the good physician rather took to heart my having turned the head of the publican's daughter. In vain I swore that I never mentioned the word *love* to her. He put no faith in my oaths, and even regarded me, from that time, rather as an interloper than as his son-in-law.

To

To mend the matter, Sylvia fretted herself into a fever, and I was afraid that she would be fool enough to die, which I should have greatly regretted, when a circumstance occurred, that obliged me, rather against my will, to leave the Doctor's house—alas! for ever.

A young man, named Ricoli, had long sought Mary in marriage. His companions unfortunately took it into their heads to rally him respecting my supposed intrigue with the deceased, which induced him to pay me a morning visit, with a pair of pistols in his pocket, and he thus began.

"Mr.

"Mr. Bolding, you have occasioned the death of a girl I loved! I am resolved not to survive her! That is, either you or I must follow her into the other world."

"Sir," I replied, "your proposal is truly heroic! I readily accept your challenge. Suffer me only to take leave of my wife, and then I will accompany you wherever you chuse to lead."

So saying, I went into Sylvia's room, and complaining of the head-ache, said I was going to walk it off; at the same time giving her a kiss, and with difficulty restraining my tears. But honour forbade me to flinch! I therefore returned to

the young man, who hastily led the way to the back of the garden of a Nunnery, where he gave me the choice of his pistols. I desired him to fire. He did so, and missed me. I therefore fired my pistol in the air; but far from appretiating the generosity of my proceeding, Ricoli instantly drew his sword, forcing me to do the same in self-defence; but, in less than a minute, I extended him at my feet.

"Wretch!" said I, perceiving that he was expiring, "you forced me to kill you."

Hearing the approach of some horsemen, however, I thought it most

most prudent to seek my safety in flight; and, not knowing where to go, I rushed into the Church belonging to the Nunnery.

I was certain that no one would dare to violate the holiness of such a sanctuary; yet I thought it very possible that I might be seized the moment I attempted to make my escape. What to do, therefore, I could not tell. To remain where I was, without eating and drinking, might do for one day; but the next, and the next—" Ah, poor Brick!" This time I really thought that I was caught, like a rat in a trap. Duellists were at this period so severely punished in Naples, that the survivor

vivor might make himself sure of losing his head, and I was very anxious to keep mine a little longer upon my shoulders. So, risk for risk ! I chose to run what I thought would prove the least.

A poor smith had entered the Church during my reflections, and had knelt down to say an *avé* to the Virgin; when, wishing to join his hands, he put down a dirty leather sack, containing his tools, among which I perceived several files, and instantly resolved to appropriate one of them to my own use.

To have offered to have bought it, might have given him room to

suspect that I had some bad design in my head; besides, so devout a Christian would not have had any worldly dealings in the House of God. Therefore, rushing forward, I fell, as if by accident, over both the smith and his bag. I took care to empty the latter before I rose; and, while uttering a multitude of excuses for my awkwardness, at the same time making myself very busy in replacing the scattered nails, hammers, screws, and files, I safely conveyed one of the latter into my pocket.

The poor fellow thanked me very much for the trouble that I had taken; and, having finished his

prayers, left me alone in the Church. Well aware that no time was to be lost, I immediately applied my file to the padlock which secured the grate that separated the choir appropriated to the Nuns, from the body of the Church; and, in less than three minutes, I was enabled to enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, where these pious maidens offered up their daily prayers, possibly to be released from their vows of celibacy.

Having shut the grate after me, I looked round for some opening, through which I might make my escape. A door leading into the cloisters, alone presented itself to my

 view;

view; but I had my doubts, whether I ought to proceed thither, as a young and very handsome man—I may be allowed to speak the truth at such a moment—might not have met with a very kind reception from the holy Mothers. At all events, I had to fear their turning me over to their Confessor, who would, doubtless, condemn me to end my days in the Inquisition!

Chance, Providence, or my better genius, however, afforded me an opportunity, which, notwithstanding the repugnance I felt to avail myself of, I could not suffer to escape me.

On

On looking round for the ninety-ninth time, I discovered a Nun upon the steps leading to the altar. How came she not to be disturbed by the noise that I made, while forcing the grate of her prison? You shall hear, indulgent though curious reader! She had for some time escaped my notice; and I now, supposing that she was in a fit, drew near, meaning to afford her all the assistance in my power; but, to my increasing terror and astonishment, she was absolutely stiff, and as cold as marble.

In vain I rubbed her temples, and struck the palms of her hands; Death had already frozen the cur-

rent in her veins! But, hearing some noise, I only thought of securing myself from the danger of a premature discovery. As a last resource, therefore, I undressed the dead Nun, and assumed her flowing robes, veil, &c. as a disguise, that might at least afford me time to escape from the various dangers by which I was surrounded.

Thus, in five minutes, was I metamorphosed into a bare-footed Carmelite; and, having covered the dead Nun with the drapery that ornamented the Lady Abbess's state seat, I knelt down at the altar; putting my trust in Providence, and hoping, that, as I had not intentionally

tionally offended the Supreme Being, he would not desert me in time of need!

Scarcely had I taken my place, ere the door leading into the cloisters was opened! I turned pale, which possibly was my preservation; for two old Mothers approached me, and each taking a hand—

"Well, Sister Penelope! have you prayed to God, to grant you sufficient fortitude to enable you, without a sigh, to renounce the pomps and vanities of this world? Are you quite resigned to your impending destiny? Are you sensible of

of the great happiness that is in store for you?"

"You do not speak, dearest Sister!" said the other.

"Ah!" rejoined the first, "Sister Penelope has been in love! and those men are very apt to make us regret being doomed to a life of celibacy."

"Mercy!" replied the other; "how rejoiced I ought to be that I was never exposed to such temptations! though all men aredeceivers; you have, doubtless, found them so, Sister Penelope. Not that I wish to remind you of your misfortunes, Sister; God forbid! Nothing indeed was ever farther from my intention.

tention. You forgive my allusion, Sister?"

"Yes, indeed, Sister!" said I, softening my voice; "so, pray make no more excuses!"

"Enough said, my dearest child! Come, the Abbess has sent for you. You are impatiently expected; for all is ready."

"All is ready, Sister!"

"Yes, every thing is prepared for your taking the veil. At last, you will be placed under the protecting wing of St. Theresa."

"Of St. Theresa, Sister!"

"Yes."

"Well, I was not prepared to expect this, I must acknowledge!" said I, speaking in my natural voice.

 "Sister,

"Sister, you have got a cold!"

"Yes, Sister!" coughing, as a proof of my veracity.

"This choir is so damp!" said Mother Bernardine.

"One is sure to catch the rheumatism;" rejoined Mother Bobino; "but we must suffer every thing for the love of God. Will you have a bit of barley-sugar, Sister?"

"A little liquorice, Sister?" asked the other.

"Neither, I thank you, my good Mothers."

"You shall eat this lozenge," said Mother Bernardine; "but the bell rings out. Do you hear it, Sister? We must not delay. That

is

is to summon the boarders to appear at the ensuing ceremony."

"Am I then really going to take the veil?"

"Certainly. The time of your novitiate is expired."

So saying, I was led, or rather dragged, into the full assembly of the elder Nuns, the more tempting Sisters, and the charming boarders; when, to avoid answering the thousand-and-one questions, compliments, prayers, and exhortations, by which I was assailed on all sides, I feigned a fainting fit.

This induced them to convey me to the cell which had been occupied

by the novice whom I had undertaken to represent. Orange-flower water is poured down my throat; salts are held to my nose; and, at last, I am left to myself, in hopes that I shall get a little rest, which may enable me to go through the ceremony of taking the veil, &c.

The moment that I was alone, I began to reflect upon this most extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, which threatened to oblige me, in spite of my teeth, to take the veil in a Nunnery. What an abode for poor Brick! Feeling no inclination to sleep, I hastily rose, and proceeded to examine every corner of my cell. In a closet, I was fortunate

tunate enough to find some dried sweetmeats, with which I appeased my hunger.

This done, I was indiscreet enough to examine the contents of a pocket-book; by which means, I learned that the person whom I represented, was the daughter of a noble Venetian; and that she had been sent to Naples, to place her out of the reach of a young man, without fortune, who had fallen in love with her.

Having replaced eve thing in the pocket-book, I disco vred a letter, which seemed to have been

recently

recently written, and which was directed "To the Lady Abbess of the Barefooted Carmelites, at Naples." Curiosity induced me to break the seal, and to read as follows.

"MADAM,

"Before this letter falls into your hands, I shall be no more! It may therefore be necessary to dwell upon the motives which have induced me to commit what I fear you will consider as a crime of too great magnitude, even to allow me the benefit of the usual prayers upon such occasions. However, since

since I am upon the point of appearing before the Supreme Being, you may depend upon my sincerity.

"I loved a young man, named Loganez, with the purest affection; and I feel that I do so still: in the grave alone will my heart cease to beat for my lover! He was unfortunately poor; but he had also sworn to live only for me! Vain, therefore, were the prayers, threats, nay the authority, of our parents; Loganez swore never to wed another, and I repeated his oath!

"By stratagem I was removed from Venice, and placed in your Convent; and, had my heart been free, your

your kindness towards me would have induced me to increase the number of the holy Sisterhood. I entered upon my novitiate, however, without reluctance, as I still hoped that my lover would rescue me in time, to prevent my being professed. But, alas! I must now take the veil! To bid the world adieu, is a trifling sacrifice; but I cannot swear to banish my lover from my remembrance, for I must perjure myself, were I so wickedly inclined.

"One only method, therefore, remained, to free myself from the persecutions to which I foresaw that I should be exposed; and to that I have

have had recourse. This very morning I have swallowed poison! Surely, respectable Abbess, the Almighty will forgive me, in favour of my motives! and you will not refuse to shed one tear upon my grave, and say at least a *Requiem in Pace*, for the repose of my perturbed spirit! May I be thought worthy of your prayers, and of those of my innocent companions, whom I have long both loved and admired, but whose example I could not follow!

"Adieu, most honoured and respected woman! I feel myself growing worse; and I wish to render up my life to my Creator at the foot of the altar, that I may, even

with

with my last breath, implore his pardon, for having dared thus rashly to terminate my sorrowful existence!

"PENELOPE SERBELLONA."

Hardly had I finished reading this affecting letter, which had drawn from me many tears, when I was roused by a succession of dreadful screams; and, in a moment, I heard the Nuns assembling in the passage, enquiring of each other what had happened.

"Sister

"Sister Penelope is dead!" exclaimed one.

"It is thought she has poisoned herself!" said another.

Then followed a chorus of "Oh my God!" and "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

I foresaw that I should soon be favoured with a visit from the immaculate Sisterhood. Therefore, in order to get out of their way, I crept under the bed.

I was but just in time; for I had scarcely taken my place, ere the door opened, and two Nuns came in—the same two who had accosted

me

me so kindly in the choir; and the following was, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of their conversation.

"Alas! my God! Ah! 'tis but too true; for she is not here."

"But how came she to leave her cell? No one met her in the passage."

"What alarms me more than any thing, Sister," rejoined the first, "is her having been found nearly naked! Do you know I think that a dreadful omen for us all. I wish some disaster may not befal this Convent!"

"Do hold your tongue, Mother Bobino! you make me tremble. Positively,

Positively, if I had not more faith than you seem to have in the protection of St. Theresa——"

"Ah, Sister! what do I see?" interrupted Mother Bobino; "a letter!"

The very one that I had just been perusing, which, in my fright, I had left upon the chimney piece.

"'Tis the hand-writing of Sister Penelope!"

"Then do let us hear what she says."

"How feelingly she expresses herself!—'I loved a young man!—'"

"Ah, Sister, she was in love!"

"Well,

"Well, Sister! so have I been in love in my time. Ah! those were halcyon days. But, good God! she swallowed poison!"

"Jesu Maria! she swallowed poison! Come, come, we must carry this letter to the Abbess. This will explain all the mystery."

During all this time I had held my breath, for fear of betraying my retreat; but being upon the point of suffocation, I gave a long-drawn sigh. This, as I expected, greatly alarmed the Nuns.

"Lord, have mercy upon us!" cried one.

"Gracious

"Gracious Heaven! what noise was that?" asked the other.

"God only knows!" was the reply.

"Oh, how I tremble!" resumed Mother Bernardine. "It was certainly a lamentation, proceeding from the perturbed spirit of our poor deceased sister."

"Doubtless! However, let us leave her cell."

"My legs shake so! Pray lend me your arm, Sister!"

"No, Sister, no! We certainly sinned in reading a letter that we knew was not intended for our perusal; and Sister Penelope has been permitted to punish us for our indiscretion. So let us kneel down, and

and offer up our prayers for the repose of her soul."

So said, so done. Down dropped the two old women, beginning to strike their breasts, and to recite their *Agnus Dei*, their *Mea Culpa*, and *Mea Maxima Culpa*, till I wished them, with a hearty good will, in the regions below.

Fortunately, however, their prayers were brought to a conclusion, by the arrival of the Abbess, and a crowd of Nuns, bringing in the corpse of the unfortunate Penelope, which they proceeded to wrap in a winding-sheet. That done, they sprinkled her very plentifully with holy

holy water; and, having lighted six large wax tapers, they retired, singing *Requiem in Pace.*

I had breathed very freely during the noise which they had made; and the moment that they were gone, I quitted my hiding-place, and for the first time looked at Sister Penelope, to whom I now found I bore what might be deemed a miraculous resemblance in every respect, and which had certainly led Mothers Bernardine and Bobino, as well as the rest of the Nuns, into their very natural error.

She did not seem to have suffered much in dying; probably, the drug

that she had taken, was of a somniferous nature, and she had taken enough to prevent her ever awaking again in this world. But I was still very hungry, and very dry. I dared not endeavour to leave the Convent in my present garb at such a moment; so, by way of slaking my thirst, I drank up the holy water, when the approach of some of the Sisterhood again drove me to my hiding-place.

They were astonished at finding the holy water gone; but the black gentleman had the credit of the theft; as it was to be presumed that he was upon the watch for the soul of the deceased, they said.

At

At last, the corpse was carried away, to be exposed, according to custom, in the choir; but the door of the cell was double-locked, in order to confine Beelzebub, till they had laid the body in the grave; which might, they thought, prove the means of defrauding him of his dues.

Convinced that they would not return for some time, I began to breathe with freedom. The bells soon struck out; and, while the Nuns were all praying for the deceased, I was considering how I could best make my escape. I had only to chuse between the door, the window, and the chimney.

 The

The door, I have before said, was double-locked; the chimney was secured by a strong iron grating, as Nuns do sometimes think of escaping from their holy retreats; and the window was thirty feet from the ground.

I gave up all idea of descending through the latter aperture; but, fortunately, I had still my file about me, with which I made no doubt of either breaking the lock of the door, or separating the bars in the chimney. Had I climbed the chimney, however, I might have been seen upon the roof; I immediately, therefore, set to work upon the lock.

Nine o'clock struck before I had finished my task. The noise which I had necessarily made, had been heard by some of the Nuns, who had informed the Abbess of the violent efforts that the black gentleman was making, to escape from his forced confinement; and the whole Sisterhood was ordered to march in procession to the scene of action.

I heard them coming; and, as they all acknowledged their belief in ghosts, and were sure that Sister Penelope would never rest in her grave, I determined to take advantage of their superstition. Seizing, therefore, one of the wax-lights

that were still burning in the cell, I burst out amongst them!

A loud scream proclaimed the general terror, while I walked over Mother Bernardine, who, like many more, had fallen flat upon her face; crufhed Sister Anne's little finger; and, in my haste, carried off the Abbess's veil. Indeed, had a thunder-bolt fallen among the prostrate Carmelites, they could not have been more alarmed!

Away I ran, not knowing which way to direct my steps; and down stairs I went. At last, without knowing how I came there, I found myself in the kitchen; where, perceiving

ceiving a nice roast fowl, I laid hold of it without any ceremony.

The cook, quite as much alarmed as the body of Nuns had been, let a frying-pan full of oil fall into the fire, and the next moment the chimney was in a blaze, which soon communicated to the interior of the Convent; meanwhile, I flew into the garden, where, extinguishing my light, I devoured my fowl. But still I was at a loss how to make my final escape; and I should certainly have paid pretty dearly for the mischief and alarm that I had occasioned, had I been taken in such a disguise.

In running round the garden, in search of a door or gate, I had the farther misfortune to run against the gardener, who fell backwards into a large piece of water, where I left him struggling for life. At last I bethought myself of the great gates, which had of course been thrown open in the general confusion; for the sight of a woman's Convent on fire had attracted crowds of spectators. The Nuns were running one way, the Boarders another; the Mothers were fainting, the Sisters were calling for help; in addition to which, the alarm bells were jingling, and the populace were pillaging every thing that they could lay hands upon.

I ran

I ran forwards, when a young man, who seemed to be waiting only for me, seized my arm, and led me to a carriage, where, having taken my seat, I fell into a profound sleep; and, at the expiration of I cannot pretend to say how many hours, I awoke, and found myself upon a Turkish sofa, which stood on one side of a room that was very magnificently furnished.

Two women, who were standing by my side, requested to receive my orders. I complained of hunger and thirst; and they hastened to place a table before me, covered with every delicacy in season, in addition to several bottles of excellent wine.

 Having

Having made up amply for my late fast, a variety of work-men and women made their appearance. One requested to take measure of me for a gown; another, kneeling at my feet, informed me that he was a shoe-maker, and very anxious to obtain my custom. Milliners, jewellers, mercers, &c. were no less anxious to display the contents of their boxes; but, convinced that they must all be egregiously mistaken, under pretence of fatigue, I declined giving any immediate orders.

Being at last left to myself, upon an elegant piano-forte I perceived the following letter, which was directed

directed "To the Friend of my Heart," and which I ventured to open. It ran thus.

"MY DEAR, MY TENDER FRIEND,

"You are then at last delivered from your odious prison! How much do I feel obliged to the friendly element, to which I am indebted for your liberty! But let us endeavour to forget the past, as I trust we shall soon meet, never to part again; for I am now as rich as yourself, and, in order to lose no time, I shall set out for Venice the moment that I have written this letter, to solicit

your hand in form of your hitherto inexorable father: as I have some great friends, who will second my demands, and whom he may not think it prudent to exasperate.

"During my absence, I have given strict orders that you should be obeyed in every particular. Throw off your Carmelite dress as soon as possible, lest any searches should be made after you, as belonging to that Order; though I trust you have nothing of that sort to apprehend, as you are with people of consequence, and at some distance from Naples. Indeed I would place my life at the discretion of your host.

"Adieu,

"Adieu, my amiable friend! I have placed a piano in your apartment, which may help you to beguile the time till I return to tell you what I now write—that I adore you.

"YOUR SINCERE LOVER."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Sic Fata volunt.

HAVING read this amorous epistle, I was convinced that I had been mistaken for some Nun, who had not relished the idea of burying her charms in a cloister; and I could not help laughing at the absurd *qui pro quo*, though I pitied the deceived lover, who had undertaken

taken so long a journey upon the strength of this strange blunder.

I resolved, however, to make my escape before his return, which, as he was gone to Venice, could not, except he had borrowed Cupid's wings, be very speedy. I had, therefore, sufficient time allowed me to make the necessary arrangements. So, taking advantage of my *future husband's* generosity, I sent for a tailor, to whom I gave orders for a very plain suit of clothes. My host paid his bill, and I appeared in my proper dress, which I affected to have chosen as the most effectual disguise, the following day.

Every

Every one paid me their compliments upon my elegant appearance.

"Do but mind!" said one of my women; "what a handsome man Madame appears to be! Positively, she would turn the heads of many silly girls, who were not in the secret."

"I never saw a lady with so undaunted an air," said the master of the house. "Take care, Madam, as I shall be in pain for our fair Neapolitans, while you remain in this disguise."

Notwithstanding all these praises, I affected to be very awkward, and not to feel myself comfortable in

my

my masculine attire; therefore, my hosts were, as I had hoped, completely duped by my stratagem.

To avoid being seen, I did not leave home till after dark, though I was very anxious to see my wife and Dr. Papirio; when, telling my hosts that, under the security of my disguise, I wished to pay some necessary visits, and promising to return early, I got into a carriage, and proceeded to Naples, where I meant to remain *incognito* till I had disposed of all that I possessed, and then proposed retiring to some other Italian State, with my wife; possibly to Rome, where I hoped to render my talents both useful and pro-

profitable. But, alas! my troubles were not yet brought to a conclusion.

Having reached the Doctor's house, I perceived it was closely shut up, and no answer was returned to my repeated knocks. Perceiving a man who was sitting smoking at the door of the next house, I went up to him, and asked whether Dr. Papirio's house was no longer inhabited.

He laughed in my face.

I wonder that I did not knock him down; but, calling prudence to my aid, I merely asked him whether

whether he could give me any information respecting Mrs. Bolding, the Doctor's daughter.

Laughing louder than ever, he shrugged his shoulders, as in derision, put his pipe in his pocket, and, entering his house, shut the door in my face.

Grinding my teeth, so great was my fury, I swore like a trooper, not knowing how to revenge myself; when an old priest, who was passing the door, thought proper to take me very severely to task, telling me that, considering my age, I was very depraved.

I wished

I wished to justify my outrageous behaviour; therefore entered into some explanations respecting the cause of my anger. But judge, dear reader, how great was my surprise, when the priest told me that the tiresome smoker was no more to blame than I seemed to be.

"You were enquiring," said he, "for Mrs. Bolding, the Doctor's daughter, when every child in Naples knows that she is not only dead, but buried. The smoker therefore laughed in your face, because he thought that you were laughing at him."

I heard

I heard no more; for I fell senseless at the feet of the priest. He knelt down, and made me smell to some salts, which having had the desired effect, I again enquired whether Mrs. Bolding was absolutely dead.

"And buried!" said he. "She died yesterday morning, at four o'clock, and I buried her last night; so I ought to be able to speak to facts."

"Is it possible? Ah, Sir! forgive my importunity; but I have yet many questions to ask you. Pray tell me——"

"You seem strangely interested in Mrs. Bolding's fate, young man!"

"In-

"Interested, Sir! I am in despair. What you have just told me, has rendered me completely miserable!"

"Possibly, then, you know that Mrs. Bolding had lost her husband previous to her own decease?"

"Lost her husband, Sir!"

"Yes; and his death certainly hastened her's. He fought a duel two mornings since, in which he killed his adversary, and was mortally wounded himself, though he made shift to crawl from the scene of action, to avoid perishing upon a scaffold; but as he neither sent nor returned home, he of course did not long survive the man he had killed."

"Unfor-

"Unfortunate Sylvia!" exclaimed I; "was it then I———"

Hearing the words "Was it then *I*," and, in consequence, taking me for a ghost, the priest took to his heels, making the sign of the cross as he ran. In vain I called after him; he left me alone in the middle of the street, and, as it grew late, it was necessary to think of securing a lodging for the night. I therefore entered a small inn, not far from the Doctor's house, where I ordered something for supper; and, as my appearance led them to suppose that I should not grumble over their bill, they treated me with the utmost politeness. But both the inn-

innkeeper, his wife, the cook, the scullion, nay the hostler, confirmed what the priest had told me, namely, that Mrs. Bolding was dead and buried.

"And Doctor Papirio, what has become of him?" I enquired.

"He has converted his house and furniture into ready money, and is gone God knows where! to Venice, 'tis said. He was a very good, nay, a very worthy man; but he might have foreseen what would have been the consequence of bestowing his only daughter upon an adventurer."

"True!" said I; "he was very much to blame."

"Oh,

"Oh, certainly. A young girl hanged herself for love of his libertine son-in-law, who was finally killed or assassinated, himself. These misfortunes almost turned the poor Doctor's head; and thus has Naples been deprived of an excellent physician! We shall always regret him."

"No doubt, and I shall for ever reproach myself——"

I had very nearly betrayed myself! when, happily, mine host was called away, and I remained alone in my own room, a prey to my sorrowful reflections, often repeating the Doctor's and Sylvia's name, and striking my breast: in short,

Kemble could not have appeared more given up to despair, even in Beverley.

At last I fell asleep, but only to be haunted by the most horrid dreams. At one time I thought I saw my poor nurse, who had saved my life at the expence of her own. Next I saw the gamekeeper, whom I had so innocently shot; then Mr. Vernon, holding the deadly draught which I had prepared for him. After him, my fencing-master danced before my eyes, pointing to the wound that I had given him. Next, Adele appeared, who seemed to wish to conceal me in her arms. Balthazar was no less kind; but Mary soon appeared

appeared to my disordered imagination, holding her garter in one hand, and pointing to the bed-post with the other. Then came Ricoli, who seemed only angry that he had not put an end to my existence; and, last of all, I saw Sylvia, pale and dying, but who seemed eager to pronounce my pardon.

Deceived by this vision, I awoke while extending my arms towards her; and, instead of Sylvia, felt that I was tenderly embracing a large bull-dog, who bit me very severely, in return for my kindness.

Starting up, I ran my sword through him, and the beast fell ex-

piring at the feet of his master, who, swearing, screaming, and threatening, vowed that he would be the death of me!

I enquired how the dog came to be in my room.

The waggoner, for whom a bed had been arranged by the side of mine, while I was fast asleep, replied by a stroke of his whip across my face; when, transported with rage, I fell upon him, and soon extended him by the side of his dog.

I had scarcely done this, ere the maid knocked at the door, saying, "It is six o'clock, Mr. Waggoner."

Having

Having killed both him and his dog, I thought it would be prudent to make my retreat unobserved. So replying, for the dead man, "Very well, very well!" I exclaimed; "thank you, child; I will not forget you:" and the maid retired, while I prepared to follow her steps.

"Make haste, good Brick!" said I to myself, while dressing; "should you be caught this time, you will pay dearly for what you have done. So endeavour to repair your folly, by enlisting as a soldier; for, surely, it will be far better to die in the field of honour, than to lose your life upon a scaffold! You may with justice be accused of having assas-

 sinated

sinated this waggoner; and it may be supposed that you had a design upon his purse."

This idea made me resolve to seek my safety in flight. So, tying my sheets together, I fastened them to the window; and, letting myself down into a back-court, soon got clear of the house.

I immediately proceeded to the harbour, where, perceiving an English vessel—the Harlowe, of two-and-thirty guns—which was upon the point of sailing for India, I entered as a sailor on board her: thus once more trusting my life upon an element, which had certainly not given

given me, hitherto, any great reason to suppose that it was very favourably inclined towards me.

The Naples newspapers, which fell by chance into my hands, were absolutely, politics excepted, filled with my exploits. In the first place, there was a long detail respecting the dreadful fire which had consumed the Carmelite Nunnery; to which was added, the certainty of several Nuns having seized the opportunity to make their escape. Then came the death of Sylvia, which was followed by an exaggerated account of my duel with Ricoli. Next the Doctor's departure was commented upon;

 and

and, finally, the assassination of the waggoner and his dog was mentioned; which was attributed to a lover of the late Mrs. Bolding, who had gone mad upon learning her decease.

At last, however, I set sail for Batavia; but contrary winds obliged us to put into Messina, where we disembarked, as our vessel required some repairs: and when the order came for us to resume our posts on board, I, mistaking another vessel for the Harlowe, found myself to be stretching along the Adriatic, instead of sailing for Batavia. Indeed, we had reached the Gulf of Venice before I discovered my

error;

error; and, as there was no remedy, I was landed in that celebrated city, which I thought rather a lucky incident, as I hoped to be able to discover the retreat of Dr. Papirio.

I took up my abode at an hotel near the Place St. Mark; and, not knowing what to do with myself, I proceeded to the Theatre, by way of spending my evening at least agreeably, when, in passing a large house, I chanced to raise my eyes, and read over the gateway, "*The Palazzo Serbellona!*"

"Certainly," thought I, "that is the abode of the father of the unfor-

unfortunate Sister Penelope Serbellona, whom I represented at the Carmelite Nunnery in Naples."

Resolved to be at a certainty, I questioned the porter, and found that I had not been mistaken in my conjectures; and, as he was not at home, I wrote as follows in the book, wherein the names and messages of his visitors were inscribed:—

"A person, who very lately left Naples, has something of importance to communicate to his Excellency Count Serbellona; upon whom he will take the liberty of calling to-morrow morning."

I then

I then proceeded to the play; and, upon my return to my inn, I was told that an elderly man had been enquiring for me.

"What was his name?"

"He did not say."

"Did he leave his direction?"

"No, he did not."

"Cannot you describe his figure?"

"He is of a middling size. His hair and eyebrows grey; blue eyes, long chin, decently dressed, and a pleasant countenance."

"'Tis he!" said I.

"He said you would recollect him, Sir!"

"When did he say he would return?"

"That depended upon circumstances, Sir!" he said.

"Mighty well!" as I found the stranger was only the English Captain, with whom I had sailed from Naples. So, ordering my supper, I dismissed the waiter; but, being informed that they had an excellent ordinary in the house, I went down, as I preferred supping in company, to taking that meal alone.

An elegant young man, a noble Venetian, particularly attracted my attention; and he seemed to be no less taken with me, for he proposed that we should adjourn to the Masquerade.

I made

I made no objection—we were in the Carnival—but readily accompanied him to a celebrated warehouse, where I assumed the habit of Diana, having a predilection for enacting the fine lady; and he chose that of a Satyr, by way of appearing as a foil to me: and, would it be credited, I actually made several conquests!

"Do you know who that divine creature is?" said a Domino to a Devil.

"'Tis Madame Lambarelli, I would lay any wager."

"What! the old Banker's wife, who is reputed to be so rich. Who is the Satyr, her companion?"

"The

"The Banker himself, of course."

Another declared that I was the new singer; but all joined in praising and admiring me, though I refused to dance with any one but my companion, till fatigue induced me to seek out a private corner, leaving my Satyr to amuse himself as he chose.

A low room, very indifferently lighted, appeared to be exactly suited to my purpose; and there I threw myself into an arm-chair, of which I had scarcely taken possession, ere two masks entered, the one supporting the other, saying—

"Here

"Here you may rest yourself as long as you chuse, my dear Adele."

"Adele!" thought I, as if that name belonged exclusively to the Adele whom I fancied I had seen sink in the Mediterranean.

"I wish I had a glass of water!" replied the person whom he addressed, at the same time sitting down upon a sofa.

"I will get you one in a minute," said the gentleman, leaving the room for that purpose, and locking the door after him; which I presumed, as I was conscious that I had escaped his notice, he had merely done to prevent his companion from being broken in upon, and incommoded by the crowd from above.

 Wishing,

Wishing, therefore, to act up to the character that I represented, I walked up to the fainting female, hoping that she would forgive my having unintentionally intruded upon her privacy.

"Who are you?" she enquired; roused by my speech from a reverie into which she had fallen.

"An unfortunate youth, who has, like you, Madam, sought to enjoy his own reflections in solitude, in preference to remaining any longer among the gay throng above."

"Once more, Sir, I ask who are you? Your voice is certainly not unknown to me."

"Madam,"

"Madam," said I, "can you ever have known Brick Bolding?"

"Bolding! Mr. Bolding here! No, no! it must be a delusion! the unfortunate Adele has not so much happiness in store for her."

I fell at her feet, upon recognising my beloved Adele; and, having repeatedly embraced, we cried like two children.

"Then you are not dead!"

"Nor you!"

"What a miracle!"

"How fortunate!"

"Oh! I have met with such a succession of adventures, and so many

many misfortunes, since I thought I saw you swallowed up by the sea."

"And I——but hush! some one approaches."

"You will tell me every thing that has befallen you," I resumed.

"Every thing; and you must do the same."

"But when shall I see you again, Adele?"

"To-morrow."

"Where do you reside?"

"At——"

She could say no more, as the gentleman who had left her there, returned with the glass of water.

While

While drinking, she said—"Ah! it was well you came as you did: I was greatly in want of this cordial!" while I, very *cordially*, wished him at the devil.

"Come, let us be going, my dear!" said the gentleman; "the gondola is in waiting. Shall you be able to walk to it?"

"Is she married to this officious man?" thought I; "or is he only a lover?"

Not chusing to act imprudently, however, I merely resolved to follow them home; and, having seen them embark in the gondola which they had in waiting, I offered the owner of

of one that was lying near, a handsome bribe to follow them.

"But, Sir——"

"No words! Let us begone; for, if we once lose sight of them, I may never meet with her again."

"Unfortunately, at Venice, the göndolas are all of one make, and of the same dark hue; it is therefore very easy to mistake one for another. No blazing coats of arms proclaim the respective ranks of their masters, who seem to aim at privacy even in their boats; and I had the misfortune to fall into the usual error: for, upon the gondola's stopping, which I had been so anxiously following, instead of seeing Adele

land,

land, I perceived seven or eight jolly Monks, who were hastening home to matins.

Who cursed their stars? Poor Brick, the reader may readily believe; as I could not even vent my rage upon my gondolier, for I had fallen into the same mistake. However, as there was now no remedy, I walked home in a very bad humour, resolving to pay the Count de Serbellona an early visit.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Improbe amor!
"Quid non morta'ia cogis pectora?"

EARLY next morning I proceeded to the Palazzo Serbellona. The porter admitted me very readily, telling me that I was impatiently expected.

I walked upstairs; and, meeting with no servants in the antichamber,

to

to announce my arrival, I walked forward, and was preparing to open another door, when, hearing some one pronounce the name of Penelope, in a loud voice, I stopped, thinking the noble Venetian was not alone, and resolving to listen for a few minutes, before I went any farther, that I might judge whether he had already heard the melancholy intelligence, which I had come purposely to impart to him. Thus did I overhear the following conversation. M. de Serbellona was speaking when I paused; at least, so I supposed, from the dictatorial tone he assumed; nor was I mistaken.

"No,

"No, Sir, I never will give my consent!"

"Surely, Sir, you will not remain thus inexorable to my entreaties!" This was spoken in a despairing accent.

"All you can do or say, will not induce me to alter my determination! My daughter has a wish to devote herself to the service of her Maker; therefore, I shall not endanger her salvation, to humour your love sick fancies. Indeed, were I so inclined, it is no longer in my power to grant you her hand in marriage."

"You are mistaken, Sir; for I am certain she is not yet professed."

"The

"The Lady Abbess of the Carmelite Nunnery informed me, in her last letter——"

"In her last letter!"

"Yes; which came to hand about a week ago."

"Well, Sir! what did she write you?"

"That Sister Penelope was upon the point of pronouncing her vows; therefore, doubtless, ere this, she has taken the veil."

I was now convinced that M. de Serbellona was still in ignorance of his daughter having terminated her existence.

"What, Sir!" resumed the despairing lover; "and could you thus consent to sacrifice your only child, who might have proved your consolation in your old age? Surely you would have rejoiced to have been surrounded by your grandchildren! You are now what may be styled in the prime of life; but as you grow old, you will bitterly regret having immured your daughter in a cloister!—for you will, of course, be merely surrounded by interested strangers, who will endeavour to hasten your death, that they may the sooner revel in your spoils; while your daughter will not be permitted even to display the

affection

affection that she has ever borne you, much less to attend you upon your death-bed. Besides, may not you have her death also to mourn? I am convinced that she had no inclination to devote herself to the Almighty. May she not, therefore, in her despair, consider you as a tyrant, who have doomed her to be miserable; and who have, in good truth, endangered her salvation? But you seem affected; forgive the energy of my expressions! At your feet, noble Serbellona, I entreat your pardon! nor will I rise till you have consented to my union with your daughter!"

"Signor Loganez——"

 "Loganez!"

"Loganez!" thought I, "'tis the lover of the fair Serbellona!"

"Signor Loganez, do not take advantage of my weakness; for you may have reason to repent."

"Gracious Heaven! do you style your returning love for your daughter, weakness? Oh my father—suffer me to give you that name—permit me to become your son, and I will set repentance at defiance!"

"Poor young fellow!" thought I; "you little think how vain your entreaties are!" He continued—

"Only

"Only bless me with your consent, Sir, and your daughter shall fall with me at your feet, to return you her thanks. I know she has not yet pronounced her vows! I know she never will do so, with her own consent. Indeed, she only wishes to be restored to the arms of her beloved father, to whose will, when once removed from her Convent, she will pay the most implicit obedience. As for me, Sir, I am still young; but my misfortunes and disappointments have taught me experience, and to know myself—a very difficult task. I have faults, but it shall be my endeavour to correct them. The gentleness of my wife will moderate my vivacity;

 and,

and, should Heaven bless us with children, you will find them a great consolation in your old age."

"You are an irresistible pleader, Signor Loganez; and, as you have really convinced me that I have neither done you nor my daughter justice, I———"

"You consent to our being united?"

"I do. And I hope you will never give me reason to repent having suffered myself to be persuaded to act in direct opposition to my better judgment. I shall write to the Lady Abbess this very day."

"Do so, my dear father! and allow me to be your courier. I shall be

be on horseback in an hour. Oh, would I had wings!—they alone could keep pace with my impatience."

The door then opened, and I concealed myself behind a screen, while Signor Loganez rushed past me; but conceive what was my surprise on recognising, in the fair Serbellona's lover, the young man who had conveyed me in his carriage from Naples, when I made my escape from the burning Nunnery.

I now understood the meaning of the tender letter which he had left behind him; and possibly I

 should

should have spent the day in my hiding-place, so much was I lost in reflection, if the entrance of several servants had not induced me to quit my retreat. As this strange incident had deranged all my ideas, I did not chuse to make my intended visit; I therefore pushed through the crowd of servants, who, presuming that I had seen their master, made way for me.

Fain would I have overtaken Signor Loganez; but love seemed indeed to have lent him wings, as he was a mile off before I had reached the bottom of the staircase. I was still in the court, when a man rode in, whose horse was all in a foam,

foam, enquiring for M. de Serbellona."

"Do you wish to see him?" asked the porter; "or are you merely the bearer of some letters?"

"I have brought a packet express from Naples."

From Naples, and sealed with black! Certainly, thought I, these letters are from the Lady Abbess, and contain the news of the fair Serbellona's death; but as I could neither remain where I was, nor ask any questions, I returned to my inn.

In the court I met my over-night's companion, that is to say, the Satyr,

who had accompanied me to the masquerade.

"Good morning, Mr. Bolding!"

"The same to you, Mr. Corsini."

"You played me a pretty trick, last night," he resumed. "Pray, what became of you, when you left me so nicely in the lurch. For a moment I felt very uneasy, as you are a stranger in Venice."

"You would forgive me, if you knew——"

"I do that, without knowing what you have to alledge in your defence. Some fair lady, I presume. Have not I guessed right? Nay, there can be no harm in your having

having seen some lady home. I also made a discovery at the ball."

"Indeed! though, believe me, you have mistaken the cause of my absence."

"Why, you are discretion personified. I prognosticate that you will make your way. Women adore a discreet lover. Indeed, they are black swans: but I must tell you the singular discovery I have made. You must know that I am here *incognito*. Corsini is not my real name; I merely assumed it during my stay in Venice, whither I came unknown to my uncle."

"Have you then an uncle in Venice?"

 "Yes;

"Yes; but do not betray my confidence."

"You may depend upon my discretion!"

"I believe you; your countenance prepossessed me in your favour the moment I saw you; and, to tell you the truth, I was rather tired of the life I led at this hotel, for I met with no one to whom I could open my mind till I saw you, and then I resolved to seek your friendship: surely, therefore, you will not disappoint my wishes!"

"I am, on the contrary, very much flattered."

"So much the better—so much the better——"

"But

"But you were going to tell me——"

"True! I was telling you that my uncle, Manfredino——"

"Manfredino!"

"Yes; that is his name, and mine is Loredo."

"Well! and this Mr. Manfredino——"

"Is the strangest being -- the greatest oddity—they even say he is very wicked, and I am almost tempted to believe the report; but he is very old, and very rich, and that conceals many vices. I am his heir; therefore rather subjected to his controul; and the good man has taken it into his head that the air of Venice is not favourable to

the

the morals of men of my age. He therefore bought me a commission, and sent me to join my regiment, which is in garrison in a little dull town in the States of Parma. Thus was I obliged to leave dear Venice, to go and shut myself up in the dullest of all dull citadels; but having obtained leave of absence, here I am, in spite of my uncle, endeavouring to amuse myself, and to make up for past privations."

"I presume your young friends were greatly rejoiced to see you!"

"Oh! I have cut with all my boyish companions; but that is not what I was going to tell you. I am no longer surprised at my uncle having sent me from home,

and

and I dare say he has forgotten that such a being as myself is in existence!"

"How so!"

"Why, the good soul has fallen in love with a beautiful young woman. I saw him with her at the masquerade last night.—True, upon my honour! The girl is really handsome, though too pensive. I dare say she does not above half relish the fine speeches of her ancient admirer. I read as much in her face, when she unmasked. Indeed, the poor man has very little in his favour; and, should he be jealous, the Lord have mercy upon the poor soul! But you seem very thoughtful, Mr. Bolding."

"Not

"Not at all; pray finish your story!"

"Oh, I have little more to say; for I soon lost sight of them. I only wish I knew where the old man left his fair companion, as I have a scheme in my head——"

"A scheme!"

"Oh, he richly deserves the trick which I have it in contemplation to play him."

"But what do you mean to do?"

"What! why to run away with his mistress."

"How!"

"Yes; to run away with the young French woman, over whom he doubtless tyrannizes: and then you know she will dub me her knight for my pains."

"But

"But may not you provoke your uncle to disinherit you?"

"He will never suspect I am concerned in what I mean to do; that is what induces me to carry my scheme into execution, for he supposes me at sixty leagues' distance."

"But do you think the young person will consent?"

"Do I think she will prefer a young handsome fellow—an officer, in a word—to an old sermonizing grey-headed miser, who would doubtless be jealous even of a Tom cat, should she praise the beauty of the animal!"

"Loredo, my dear Loredo, have a care!"

"I am

"I am resolved to run every risk; but the bell rings—let us go to dinner."

"I am not hungry."

"Really! ah, my dear Bolding, take care!"

"I am not inclined to eat, believe me!"

"Love satisfies many of its votaries; but it has not yet deprived me of my appetite: so adieu! for I mean to make a good dinner."

"Adieu, Mr. Loredo!"

"Hush! recollect my name is Corsini."

"I had forgotten—Adieu, Mr. Corsini!"

"Good."

And

And away he ran, leaving me a prey to a variety of reflections. Who could this French woman be, whom he had mentioned! Surely, not Adele. Besides, Adele was certainly not his uncle's mistress. No; had she been conscious of having so greatly deviated from the paths of virtue, she would not have dared to have addressed me, much less to have looked at me, when we had so unexpectedly met. However, at all events, I resolved to enquire where the Count de Manfredino lived, by which means I might be able to learn who the French lady was that Loredo had spoken of in such high terms; and, not to lose time, I pro-

proceeded to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat myself down next to a little man, who was deeply engaged in reading the gazette. From time to time he shrugged his shoulders, and manifested his indignation by making the most horrid grimaces.

"I am afraid you have met with some bad news," said I, appearing to enter into his sentiments.

Throwing down the paper in a rage, he called hastily for a glass of raspberry brandy, which he swallowed at one gulp, while I took up the gazette, which seemed to have so greatly excited his anger.

"Don't

"Don't read that wretched compilation!" he cried; "I wonder how the Government can suffer that paper to be published; for the Editor inserts nothing but his own conjectures, which are always false!" seizing the paper once more, and descanting, not in the coolest manner, upon the manifest want of veracity which the publisher but too often displayed.

Having allowed him to vent his spleen, as if by way of changing the conversation, I asked him whether he was acquainted with the principal Nobility in Venice.

"With

"With every individual belonging to all our great families;" repeating the names of most of the titled people in Venice.

I stopped him at that of Manfredino, enquiring—"Are you acquainted with that gentleman?"

"To be sure I am. The Count de Manfredino is nearly related to the Count de Serbellona. He is a very rich man, but very avaricious; by no means amiable, but fortunately he is in the decline of life. He has only one nephew, whom he has sent from home, to keep him out of harm's way; but Mr. Loredo laughs in his sleeve at the old fellow's

low's vain precautions. He has, in addition to his own fortune, a considerable place under Government, and a variety of seats in these environs."

"And can you inform me where he resides in Venice?"

"Certainly; he lives—— but as you are a stranger, I will shew you his house." And away we went.

To reach the Count de Manfredino's, we were obliged to pass the prisons of the Inquisition.

"Here," said my companion, "the Holy Fathers——"

At

At that moment a stranger stopped directly in front of me, saying—

"Fly, while time is allowed you! They are seeking you every where, and I fear you will fall into their hands."

I was stupified at this strange address. The unknown continued—

"I have executed my commission; adieu!"

Away he ran; and, my companion having heard what he had said, and thinking me either a spy or a heretic, also took to his heels; leaving me lost in astonishment.

Having rather recovered from my surprise, I laughed very heartily at the terror which the little man had displayed, and continued my walk, scarcely knowing whither I was going.

"Surely," thought I, "the kind stranger must have mistaken me for some one else; as I have neither mentioned politics nor religion since my arrival in Venice. Certainly, therefore, I run no risk of being imprisoned; and, admitting that I should be taken up on suspicion, I shall not be condemned unheard. But what signifies prejudging what will most probably never happen?

 I had

I had much better endeavour to find out where the Count Manfredino resides !"

I accordingly made the enquiry of the first person I met, and was readily directed to his abode; but all the shutters were closed, and the house appeared to be uninhabited. From the neighbours I learned that the Count was in the country. At which of his seats they could not inform me.

"But where are all his servants?"

"Gone after him."

"Has not he left any in Venice?"

"Not one."

Con-

Conceiving that it would be useless to make any more enquiries, I returned home, and dressed, meaning to go to the play. Corsini soon entered my apartment.

"Well, my dear friend, what have you been doing since we separated?"

"I have been taking a walk, to dissipate an unpleasant head-ach."

"Then come and drink a dish of coffee with me, which will complete your cure; and I will tell you what fresh discoveries I have made since I saw you."

My curiosity induced me to accept his invitation; and, whe-

seated in his room, Corsini told me that his uncle and the fair French woman had left Venice.

"Then adieu to your fine schemes!" said I.

"By no means; I am, on the contrary, more anxious than ever to bring them to bear. I was merely smitten with his fair mistress this morning; now I am downright in love with her, and I will discover my uncle's retreat, even should I be obliged to follow him to the regions below. Joking apart, however, I cannot learn whither he has bent his steps; but I will visit all his seats, therefore at last I shall certainly unkennel the old fox."

"And

"And what then?"

"What then! Why, should the entrance of his castle be defended even by loaded cannon, I would march to the assault, and depend upon the fair French woman falling to the share of the youthful conqueror. My uncle made me a soldier, you know, and I am resolved to give him convincing proofs of my courage and intrepidity. But you are going to the play, Bolding?"

"I will accompany you thither."

"Not so, neither; for I must dispatch a scouting party this very evening. Ah, my good uncle, be upon your guard!"

"Be upon your's, my dear Corsini!" said I, bidding him adieu;

 "and

and, as it was growing dark, I set out for the theatre.

Several people, whom I did not even remark, followed me out of the inn-yard; but I was so lost in reflection, that I did not recollect my recent meeting with the stranger: indeed, I could only think of M. de Serbellona, his daughter, the unfortunate Loganez, and of the pretty French woman that Corsini was so anxious to rescue from his uncle's tyranny. I had not, however, proceeded many yards, before I heard some one clap his hands three distinct times.

"That is the signal of some rendezvous," thought I.

At

At the same moment I was surrounded, seized, and borne away by four stout men in masks.

"How! what does all this mean, gentlemen?" I enquired. "Is this a masquerade frolic?"

I received no answer; but being placed very gently in a gondola, we sailed down the Brenta. In vain I protested that I had done nothing likely to offend the Government of Venice; in vain I enquired whither I was going; no one spoke but myself! At last, the gondola stopped, and two of the guards got out, requesting me to follow them. Resistance would have been absurd,

 as

as I was unarmed, so I did as they desired; my other guards bringing up the rear. The night was very dark; but we soon reached a little hut, which I was desired to enter, and I was next asked what refreshments I chose.

"The best the house affords," said I, not having dined, though I had seldom felt less inclined to eat.

An old woman then led me into an inner apartment; but having had her lesson, she never opened her mouth. Several cold things were placed before me; and, in a short time, I was summoned to resume my journey in a carriage, the blinds

blinds of which were perfectly secured. Having locked me in, I was left to meditate or to sleep, whichever I preferred; my guards riding on each side, doubtless, to protect me.

We travelled all night, only stopping to change horses. I cannot say that I slept much, as I was rather uneasy respecting my future fate.

"Possibly," thought I, "my journey may terminate in my being securely lodged in prison, if not in my being finally brought to the scaffold! though, positively, Fate alone has been to blame for all the

crimes that I have committed. My conscience is still free from reproach. Ricoli forced me to murder him, and the waggoner was also the aggressor: what then can be alledged against me?"

My carriage door was at length opened, and one of my guards very politely entreated me to alight. I obeyed, wondering where I was. It was hardly daybreak, and I seemed to be in an absolute desert. On one side I perceived an impenetrable forest, in which the owls were concluding their nightly concert; on the other, I perceived a mountain which seemed to lose itself in the clouds, upon the summit

of

of which stood an old fortified Castle.

"Am I going to that charming habitation, gentlemen?" I exclaimed, in an ironical tone. "At all events, I shall be very near heaven."

Two mules, harnessed to a litter, soon caught my attention, and I took possession of this very easy conveyance. In less than half an hour we reached the gate of the elevated ancient Castle; a drawbridge was let down, and we were admitted into a large paved court. An old officer received me very politely, and conducted me into the

 apart-

apartment which had been prepared for my reception.

"Am I to remain any length of time here, Sir?"

"Madam, I really cannot solve your question."

"Madam!! Did not you address me as a female, Sir?

"Forgive my error! I ought to have said Miss."

"You are certainly mad, my good friend."

"Miss, such language———"

"Is not so absurd as your's. For whom do you mistake me?"

"Miss, my orders are to render every thing about you as comfortable as possible. Only speak, and

you

you shall be obeyed; but you must excuse my answering any questions, for I am sworn to silence."

"Then pray open my prison-gates, and suffer me to depart in peace. I was, doubtless, brought hither by mistake; and you may repent detaining me against my will."

The officer merely presented me a large bundle, in return.

"These clothes are more becoming your sex, Miss, than those you now wear; and I will send you a female servant, to assist in changing your dress."

" No more silly jokes, I request, Sir ! Lead me to the Governor of this fortress or prison."

" To the Governor, Miss!" laughing in my face. " Do not give way to passion, I entreat you, or I shall think you mad in good earnest."

" You seem resolved to make me so. Where am I?"

" In a Castle belonging to the Count de Manfredino."

" At the Count de Manfredino's! Oh Heavens! you don't tell me so! The Count de Manfredino!——"

" Is the owner of this Castle; and I am going to inform him, Miss, of your safe arrival."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

"Monstrum, horrendum, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

saying, my companion left the room, locking the door after him. Well, dear reader, was not this a very extraordinary adventure? As for me, I could not even guess why I had been removed from Venice—much less, why I had been brought to this Castle; why the officer had addressed

addressed me as a female; and why he had requested me to divest myself of my masculine attire: and I dare say that you could not have solved any of these very natural questions, sagacious reader, any more than myself! So, not to perplex you any longer, I will proceed with my story.

Chusing to sail with the stream, I resolved, in obedience to my gaoler's orders, to change my dress; which I soon did, by the assistance of a large glass, without waiting for the chambermaid, who was to endeavour to set off my charms to the best advantage. I was rather pale, but that might be attributed to my

recent

recent fatigue; and, upon the whole, I made no contemptible appearance as a female.

Such were my reflections, while putting the finishing hand to my dress, when my door was once more unlocked, and the officer announced the Count de Manfredino. At the same moment I recognised the gentleman, whom I had seen at the masquerade with my still beloved Adele! The surprise which I experienced, made me change colour; and, fearful that I was fainting, he supported me in his arms, when, upon his finger, I perceived the picture of my beloved!

My

My sensations were not enviable, the reader may believe. The officer brought me a chair, while the Count requested that I would compose myself, as he was not come to increase my uneasiness by his reproaches: indeed, he said, he made no doubt that I should be able to justify myself in my father's opinion.

"My father!" said I.

"Certainly, Mademoiselle. You were brought here in obedience to M. de Serbellona's orders. I need not tell you that we are related, and I therefore readily gave into his plan."

"M. de Serbellona!"

"Is at present very angry with you; but I will undertake to plead your

your cause. To be sure, he did threaten to shut you up for life, and has sworn never to see you again; but do not give way to despair! I think I shall be able to prevail upon him not to confine you any more. Indeed, he has more reason to be angry with the mad young fellow who has led you astray: therefore, let me advise you to banish Loganez entirely from your thoughts."

"Loganez! why, what has befallen him?"

"Ah, I perceive how much you are still interested in his destiny! therefore, you must excuse my entering into any details respecting him: at all events, never mention

even

even his name in your father's hearing, except you wish to be obliged to take the veil."

"Depend upon my adhering to your advice, Sir; but pray am I to be confined for any length of time under your roof? You can surely, however, have me removed into a better apartment; for I am debarred from seeing the country hence, and a fine prospect is very consoling when one is in affliction."

"No doubt! And, as I do not wish to treat you with severity, I will introduce you to a young lady who is come to spend the summer here. Like you, she has met with some crosses and some disappointments;

ments; you will therefore console each other, and of course contribute to each other's amusement."

"Ah, Sir, how good—how humane you are! You wish to make me hope that I shall never be removed from under your care. Pray let me see the lady you mention; I am all impatience to learn her story, and to tell her mine. You don't know how happy your very considerate offer has made me!"

Offering me his arm, the Count gallantly led me through a long suite of rooms, till we reached an apartment, wherein, he told me, we should find the young lady in question. The Count preceded me in. She

She was reading, and just raised her eyes upon his entrance, without moving; but when she perceived me advancing, she fell from her chair in a fit. The Count remained motionless.

"Good Heavens! what can have occasioned her fit?" he exclaimed. "Mademoiselle, can you account for what has so much surprised me?"

"Ah, Sir!" I stammered out, while he held a smelling bottle to Adele's nose, having placed her on a sofa, "I can only place my dear Adele's fit to our very unexpected meeting. I became acquainted with her in a Nunnery at Naples; but

little

little did I expect to find her here. Adele, my dear Adele!"

She opened her eyes, and I proceeded—

"We were very young at the time I mention; for we have not seen each other these ten years. My dearest Adele, do not you remember your friend Penelope?"

"I never heard before that Adele had been in the Carmelite Nunnery at Naples," said the Count.

"That is very extraordinary, Sir," replied I; "for she was my best friend at the period I mention. Judge, therefore, how happy I feel

at

at thus unexpectedly meeting with her again !"

"I participate in your pleasure, Mademoiselle," rejoined Manfredino; "as Adele will now certainly forgive me for having removed her from Venice, and brought her hither. I hope your society, lovely Penelope, will greatly enliven this solitude. So I shall leave you together, for you must have many things to say to each other; and I will endeavour to soften M. de Serbellona in your favour, Mademoiselle, in hopes you will induce my beloved Adele to listen to my ardent suit."

So

So saying, to my increasing satisfaction he left us *tête-à-tête*; when, as if with one accord, we flew into each other's arms.

"My dear friend! how could you possibly gain admittance into this inaccessible fortress?" exclaimed Adele.

"By the strangest chance, my beloved Adele. Indeed, I am almost tempted to believe that some benevolent Fairy has stood my friend. At first I fancied that I was in a state prison; judge, therefore, how agreeably I was disappointed when Count Manfredino gave me reason to suppose that you were also an inhabitant of this Castle."

 "Surely,

"Surely, Heaven sent you hither to become my protector!"

"Have you then any reason to complain of the treatment——"

"Have I any reason to complain! How little are you aware of my unpleasant situation! But this is not the time to enter into any details respecting how or by what means I became subjected to the power of Manfredino. The tyranny———"

"Why he appeared to me the most gentle and the most considerate of men."

"He is a hypocrite! a monster, who has persecuted me, in spite of my aversion, with his odious addresses! No one can preach virtue better than himself, nor can any one

one practise it less; for he has repeatedly declared that I am absolutely in his power, and that I shall have full leisure allowed me to repent, if I do not consent with a good grace to his infamous proposals. To induce me to do this, he brought me here, where every soul is inclined to second his iniquitous views; but, surely, you will become my protector, and remove me hence as speedily as possible; for I had rather beg my bread from door to door, than remain another night under the roof of the detestable Manfredino."

Adele's discourse, it may be supposed, had not greatly increased my

respect for the owner of the mansion; and, had he been near at hand, it is more than probable that I should have been guilty of some imprudence. I found that his nephew had hardly done him justice; indeed, according to Adele's account, he had only drawn his picture in water colours. Calling reason to my aid, however, I endeavoured to encourage my fair companion to hope for the best, as I made no doubt of being able to remove her, ere long, to a place of safety.

Although I held out these hopes, I must confess that I much feared it would be impossible to make our escape from this fortress; for it was

entirely surrounded by a wide and deep ditch; every window was strongly grated both within and without; the drawbridge was never let down, except by the express order of the Count; and Berthold, the officer already mentioned, was not likely to be easily bribed into compliance. What to do, therefore, I was puzzled to resolve; and, before I had formed any scheme, Manfredino came to inform us that dinner was upon table.

Not having made a single good meal during the three preceding days, I gave a free loose to my appetite; but Adele appeared to be thoughtful and uneasy. As, however,

ever, I deemed it most prudent to endeavour to please our gaoler, I requested her to sing.

"My dearest Adele," said I, "you had a delightful voice while you were with me in the Nunnery."

Adele smiled.

"Come, do oblige me!" continued I. "Signor Manfredino is not of a make nor disposition to inspire you with terror. He is, in my opinion, a most amiable man; and is, I make no doubt, very anxious to contribute, as far as lies in his power, to your felicity."

"You speak like an Oracle, fair Penelope!" exclaimed the Count;

"and

"and yet your friend treats me with the greatest severity."

"Sir," replied I, "you should have some respect for her delicacy: we are not alone."

Understanding my hint, he dismissed his servants, and I seized the opportunity to stretch my legs, and to look around me. A very fine picture hung over the chimney. I drew near to examine it, when, to my great joy, I caught sight of a pair of pistols, which were hanging under it.

"These are very handsome pistols," said I, taking them down; "surely, they were made in England!"

"Are you a judge of fire-arms, Signora?" calmly enquired the Count. "But pray take care—they are loaded!"

"You need be under no apprehensions, for I have more than once handled fire-arms."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I mean to make use of these, in defence of the much-injured Adele!" holding one of the pistols, which I had previously cocked, within an inch of his head.

"What do you mean?" cried the terrified Manfredino.

"If you speak another word, you are a dead man!"

Adele, who was quite unprepared for such a scene as this, had fainted; but

but I was, nevertheless, determined to bring my plan to bear, if possible.

"Monster!" I continued, "were I as base as you have shewn yourself, I should deprive you of your miserable existence; but I have no such sanguinary intention, provided you will allow us to leave your Castle unmolested."

Adele had by this time recovered her senses, and Manfredino shook, as if he had been under the influence of an ague fit.

"Signora!"

"I am not the person for whom I have been mistaken." (My voice

 must

must have convinced him of the truth of my assertion.) "In me you behold the defender and liberator of the ill-treated Adele!"

"What is it you require?" asked the alarmed Count.

"An order in writing, addressed to Berthold, desiring him to lower the drawbridge, to enable us to leave the Castle. Here are pens, ink, and paper; so make haste, and do as I desire. Adele, prepare to follow me this moment!"

Manfredino mechanically obeyed my peremptory orders; but I thought it necessary, before I ventured to leave the room, to tie him to one of the pillars which decorated the apartment.

ment. Then, having double locked the door, we flew rather than walked into the great court, where we presented the order to Berthold, who, without any further ceremony, lowered the drawbridge, and suffered us to leave our prison.

The moment we were without the hated walls, Adele threw herself into my arms, and endeavoured to express her gratitude; but we had no time to lose. The alarm-bell was almost immediately rung, and we made no doubt of being pursued, if not overtaken. Away, therefore, we ran, never stopping till we had reached the foot of the mountain,

where

where we perceived a postchaise, evidently in waiting.

"Quick, quick!" cried the driver, opening the door of the carriage.

In we jumped, and away we drove, but whither we could not tell; nor could we guess how this carriage came to be stationed, as if on purpose to enable us to baffle our pursuers.

Having galloped through an extensive forest, we perceived a small house, situated upon the banks of a pleasant river. Our postillion whisked us up the avenue, cracking his whip

every

every moment, to announce our arrival.

At last we stopped at the principal entrance. A young man presented his hand to Adele, leaving me, whom he considered as her attendant, to alight how I chose or could; but not being willing to be thrown into the background, and presuming that we had alighted at a country inn, I asked him whether we could have beds and a good supper. He assured me that we should have both; while I paid the postillion, who made me fifty bows, and overwhelmed me with his thanks, having been already amply paid, as will be seen.

I then

I then followed Adele into a magnificent apartment. Astonished at the elegance of the furniture, she asked me, in a whisper, whether this could be an inn.

"I have my doubts," said I.

"I am fearful we have fallen into some fresh snare!" she resumed.

"At all events, I am at your elbow; therefore you cannot have much to fear."

The person who had shewn us our apartment, now desired that we would issue our further orders, treating me as the attendant, and pointing out the bell, which I was desired to ring, if my mistress wanted any

thing—

thing—leaving us *tête-à-tête*, when he ceased speaking. Before we could exchange three words, however, he returned to enquire whether my mistress chose to sup below, or to have something brought upstairs.

"I am extremely fatigued!" said Adele.

"You ought to retire early, Signora!" said I; "therefore we will sup here. But a very few things will suffice, as we are more inclined to sleep than to eat."

The servant retired, saying that the Signora had only to order, to be obeyed.

"Good

"Good Heavens!" cried Adele, "what can all this mean?"

"That I cannot pretend to say; but do not let us meet our troubles half way."

"That will be of little avail, as you observe. So pray tell me how you managed to gain admittance into my late prison."

I should be very much at a loss to satisfy your curiosity."

"Who told you I was confined there?"

"No soul."

"Why I thought you had assumed this disguise purposely to deliver me from the Count's tyranny."

"I did

"I did not enter the Castle in disguise."

"Well, but how came this carriage to be in waiting so *apropos?* Was it by your orders?"

"Positively, no."

"To whom, then, are we so greatly obliged?"

"I know no more than you do."

"Where are we?"

"That is what I should like to know."

"Upon my word, you have given the most satisfactory answers to all my questions."

"There is an invisible being who directs all our actions; but I have not the advantage of being in his confidence,

confidence, though I am always inclined to hope that every thing is for the best. At all events, you are no longer a prisoner; and I trust we have yet an agreeable surprise in store for us!"

"Then you would advise——"

"I shall advise you, in the first place, to make a good supper; and then to get a good night's rest, while I watch over you from the closet, where I presume I am to take up my quarters. But, talking of that, pray give me some name. What say you to calling me Rosa, and I will christen you Madame St. Ange—a French lady of course, and you are travelling upon business."

"My

"My dear Bolding, how can you joke, while we are thus in suspense?"

"Peace, for God's sake, Madam! Remember I am Rosa, your woman."

END OF VOL. I.



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